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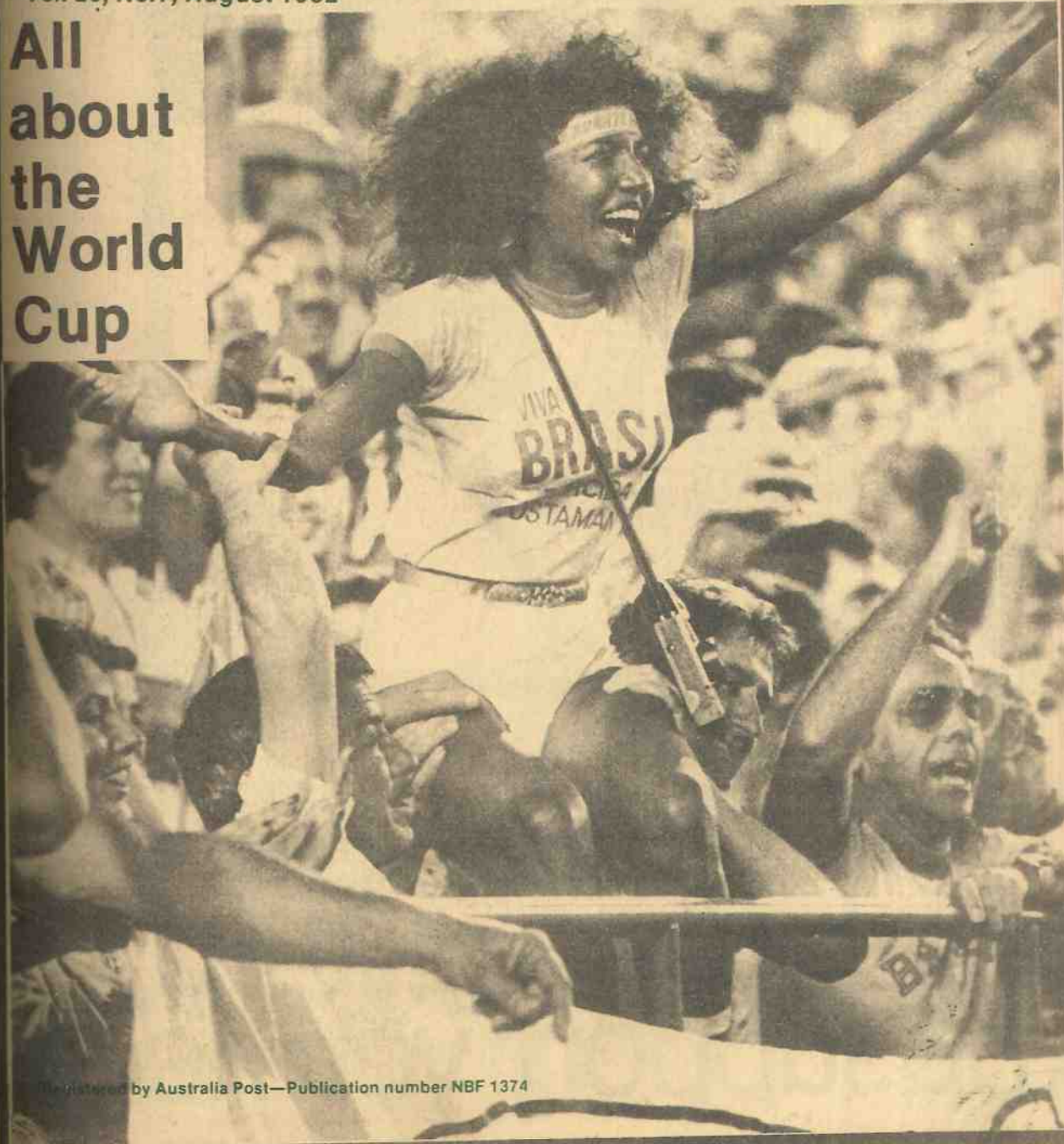
SOCCER WORLD



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Editor: Andrew Dettre.

FROM THE PRESS BOX

I fervently pray and hope that the majority of Australians who watched the World Cup on TV would have arrived at the same conclusion as I did over there in Spain: our eternal genuflecting to a non-existent European deity is totally unnecessary.

We live and play our soccer in considerable isolation from the rest of the world and, thus, tend to look at things European with awe, as if they were from a different planet.

Well, they aren't. Or at least most of them aren't. Not sufficiently for Australia to retain any of its old complexes.

What amazed me most, once again, was the fact that even in basic ability, many of the European 'stars' are hardly any different from our best players.

Where the difference enters the picture is in team-work and the application of rehearsed, routine moves. But even in this field some of the teams—like Spain, for example—rate only very narrowly above our best club sides.

Having arrived at this conclusion cheered me up considerably. Australian soccer is not half as bad as we tend to believe—or, conversely, much of the stuff played in Europe is vastly over-glamorised.

In Barcelona, I met some agents who make a lucrative living out of arranging the transfer of players. They were in the midst of fixing up Ardiles and Dirceu with new clubs.

I asked how much was involved and staggered out of my chair: sums approaching a million are tossed about without causing a ripple.

"At a fraction of that sum," I ventured to say, "I could send you some tremendous young players from Australia. Perhaps \$100,000 would buy the best we have."

They stared at me in disbelief. "From Australia?" they asked. "Soccer players? Perhaps wool or sheep..."

Then, with some degree of sympathy, they added that 'nobody in Europe would be interested in Australian players' simply because they were Australians. It's unthinkable that we could produce anything these soccer aristocrats in Belgium, France or Spain could be interested in.

A fifth rate Paraguayan or a derelict, alcoholic Eastern Bloc 'star' is snapped up instantly—but an Australian is scoffed at. Unsighted.

It is, I guess, part of the European soccer snobbery, ingrained in managers, coaches and even agents; they would accept a neuro-surgeon from Outer Mongolia before they recognised a soccer player from Down Under.

This is one of the reasons why I feel the ASF's 'new policy' of concentrating on bringing overseas teams here rather than sending our Socceroos away is an incorrect one.

The only way the Socceroos can ever reach an acceptable international standard is if they travel extensively and play against topflight European, South American, Asian and yes, even African opponents, in their own countries.

—Andrew Dettre

Licata hates being yelled at

—By Alex Vesic

If you were born in Italy, came to Australia at the age of two and learnt your football here you'd naturally be happy to score a place in the Australian national team — or would you?

Or would you rather play for Italy, given a chance?

For one so young as Renato Licata, the new sensation at Fairfield, those are difficult questions, for he was a baby when his parents decided to move to Australia.

His young career started at Marconi's under 10 team and only this season did he become a regular first grader. Recently he was included in the Australian Youth squad.

His dream fulfilled?

As we sat at Marconi club amidst a group of happy Italians who were still chanting "Italia, Italia...", Renato was all smiles — he was happy, too.

"It would have been something to play for Italy, wouldn't it?" Licata almost whispered to me.

The dream of every youngster is to play for those who achieve success, to be part of the winning team, to be admired, talked about, treated like a king and idolised...

"My life is Australia and I was ecstatic when Les decided to make me a part of his plans for the Youth Team," said Licata. "It was like a dream come true, you know..." as if to make sure that I understood.

The world of football is before him. He has made the grade with Marconi and now he is being picked for the Australian Youth team. The obvious step is into the Australian national team. This is a snag for Peter Sharne has declared himself available for Australia and he is the obvious choice for selection.

He has left Marconi for the rich shores of Hong Kong and inadvertently promoted Licata to Marconi's first grade team. Now the supporters at Marconi hail the "New Bullett" and, with five goals to his name, which makes him the club's second top scorer for the season, Licata can proudly wear the nickname.

The recent return of Peter Sharne to Marconi saw the two play together against St George. Both scored goals, with Licata creating one for Sharne after a devastating run, something that was so typical of Sharne himself.

Has the youngster matured enough to hold his place in this Marconi team? Does he possess the capacity to cope with the

knocks which are part and parcel of top football? Does he listen to advice given by his seniors? All those questions must be answered before we hail the new star down Fairfield way.

"He is a little stubborn, and despite his immense talent he has a great obstacle in his way. He has to learn that he is not just an attacker. Should his fullback come forward it is Renato's duty to follow his man and make sure the opponent's attack is nipped in the bud but often won't do it. He left Skeen to come down the right against us and following a cross Barton tucked the ball away," said Mark Jankovic, after Marconi subdued St George at Marconi.

"He is explosive in attack, but he must also perform his duties in defence. Still, he is only in his first year in the top grade and I am sure that by the end of this season he will iron out this flaw," suggested Dom Kapetanovic, Marconi's coach.

What does young Licata feel about his performance?

"I need someone to tell me that I can do it. I doubt my ability and need reassurance from my peers, senior players and my coach. I need encouragement and hate being put down, criticised harshly or being told off for one or two mistakes, that knocks the wind out of me," said Licata.

Does he learn from his fellow players or his coach?

"For me, this is still a continuation of one big happy day. Being on the reserve bench, whilst Raul Blanco was here, against Newcastle, was a thrill which I'll never forget. Then came Kapetanovic and promoted George (McCulloch), Attilio (Carbone), and myself to the first grade, then Les Scheinflug and the Youth National Side. I am learning all the time and having Henderson, Vieri, Mariani and the rest of the team advising me I am sure I am in the best of hands... as long as they don't yell at me, that certainly rocks me."

In his last year at Cabramatta High, Renato Licata is surrounded by admirers, his success on the football pitch the obvious reason. The boy from Torino, the land of world champions in football has the skills and speed to succeed, but the road to fame does not necessarily require only two ingredients.

Temptations are sometimes too great.

The comforts of today's life is only too obvious to the young player, particularly to the ones who are so successful—as young Renato Licata. His broad smile, dark tan and a set of teeth rugby league players dream about, brings admirers of the opposite sex like a magnet would bring a metal pin.

Does that or his late nights interfere with his football?

He goes to discos, but says that his time seldom allows him to go out too much.

"Girls? I like them, but I have to make sure school and football do not suffer because of my leisure time..."

"Ohhhh, pull the other one," came from the direction of Mariani and Calderan, who were intent on listening to the conversation.

It was getting late. As I parted from Licata before a big line of youngsters waiting to get into the Marconi's auditorium, he hardly had time to say 'ciao' as a group of youngsters swamped him: patting him on the back, pushing him towards the front of the line. Their idol had to be first.

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Rene Licata—the new Marconi 'Flash'

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Australian soccer clubs have, for the past decade, been inundated with calls from administrators to 'give youth a go.' There would not be a soccer lover reading this magazine who has not heard this theory expounded at length one time or another.

However, is "giving youth a go" really the answer to all the ills supposedly besetting our game? Unfortunately the answer to that question is not clear and is in fact highly debatable for it would appear the long suffering spectator who, as in other sports, is becoming scarcer by the year, does not fully accept the argument that soccer needs this sort of "Australianisation."

Here in Brisbane we are being shown a classic example of what "giving youth a go" does to a team's performance both on the field and as an attraction to the turnstile. Three years ago Brisbane Lions set about making their own players. A comprehensive coaching programme was set up and put into operation with outstanding success. The reserve team proceeded to go through two full seasons losing only one game.

By the end of season 1981 Lions had three Australian born players performing regularly at Phillips League level, namely Craig Low, 22, a winger, Calvin Daunt, a striker and Steven Hogg a midfielder, both approaching 20.

Season 1982 saw two important decisions made. With the passing into retirement of the mighty Scot Jim Hermonston, the moving to greener pastures of South African Paul Ontong, the return to New Zealand of John Verweij and the unsettled form of Scottish import Jim McLean, coach Joe Gilroy put his reputation on the line when asked what his immediate plans were for the team.

By now the reserve team had been entered in the Queensland State League and its squad had been pruned leaving players with an average age of around 17 to play out the season, and with defensive kingpin Col Bennett approaching the veteran stage Gilroy might have been forgiven for taking the easy way out, but he decided to stick with the club's youth.

The results are now history; the Phillips League side, presently (at July 16th) using six players under the age of 22, seven if the substitute is included, is battling away in the middle of the league having amassed 21 points from 23 games, and have reached the semi-finals of the National Cup Competition, which they won in 1981.

The league is of course extremely "tight" and it could be argued that Lions and Gilroy, are using too many "local youths" but it is other side-effects of the experiment that are causing concern to the club and its officials.

Lions in recent matches have shown inconsistency, the hallmark of young players. They have beaten West Adelaide 1-0, lost to St. George 1-5, beat Sydney City 1-0 and beaten Adelaide City 2-0. In two matches against local rivals Brisbane

City they have lost 1-3 and won 1-0. In all matches they have copped criticism for playing "defensively" against teams, where, in some instances, there hasn't been a youngster on view, never mind a local youngster.

But an even greater problem than the defensive "tag" is the lack of spectator support. In a Phillips Cup game against what is indisputably the best team in the country, Sydney City, only 400 people turned up to watch the locals triumph...

So there it is; thousands of sleeping soccer supporters awaiting the vehicle for their interest have not materialised; they are still sleeping. After their Cup victory Lions pulled their worst crowd of the season at home when beating Adelaide City 2-0. Again the parents of the "thousands of juniors" couldn't be bothered bringing their kids along even though schoolchildren are admitted free.

Once again we have the Catch-22 situation soccer has been living with for years. The few who do come along complain about lack of atmosphere and excitement, two factors undoubtedly created by more people, more noise and more interest. Lions have learned the hard way that a youth policy has to have a huge question mark placed behind it when related to the turnstile.

The club's two biggest gates in recent seasons have been when Bob Latchford and Alan Sunderland made their respective debuts.

Is 'youth' really our salvation?

—From Jim Binnie, Brisbane

Lions' final comparison has to be made against local neighbours and rivals, Brisbane City. City, once again fighting for survival, have three local players in their team, all veterans in their late 20s, Conner, Perry and Tokesi. The club has no apparent youth policy; though promises have been made often they, as a club, apparently prefer overseas or experienced talent.

In the seven years of Phillips League they have finished (or are) below Lions on five occasions, yet they draw bigger crowds to every home game and draw plaudits for their "enterprising, exciting style of play" that presently has them at the bottom of the league. This is surely the biggest indictment of all on the supposed benefits of having a youth policy.

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Craig's trip a success off and on field

By Eric Burns

While the Newcastle United fans have had precious little to cheer this season, Craig Johnston's recent guest appearances turned out to be a marvellous promotional success, both for the club and for soccer in general. This was in no small measure due to the efforts of Johnston himself. His performances on the field have been a joy to watch and I am sure the business houses who sponsored his visit got value for every cent.

Whether he was addressing a business luncheon, coaching young players or hosting the A.B.C. World Cup coverage, he presented himself in a way that is a credit to himself and his family.

The real winners from his visit were the fans.

Despite the hectic schedule that was arranged for him he hurled himself into every match, showing an array of skills coupled with an endeavour that I have not seen equalled from any player on an Australian soccer ground. Few who saw it will ever forget the marvellous 40-metre "Eder" type freekick that he thumped against Bobby Ferguson's crossbar in the match against Adelaide City or the hat-trick of goals he scored against Brisbane Lions, then the extraordinary effort he put in on his only Sydney appearance against St George.

In this match St George were clearly superior to Newcastle and their defence set out with the clear intent to stop him at all costs. It speaks volumes for the boy's character that he never shirked a challenge in a match his team was always going to lose.

Some very clear lessons can be learned from Johnston's visit if soccer is ever to become Australia's major spectator sport. Soccer from the "man in the street's" point of view is all about personality players who will entertain him. The paying spectator doesn't care if his club has an ethnic name, nor does he want to be fed continually morsels of wisdom from the club's coach; he doesn't pay to see the coach but to see the players and it is the players who must be promoted in our soccer press. The spectators will throng to the games if our clubs, who after all are the promoters of the game, provide entertainment like we in Newcastle have experienced during Craig Johnston's visit.

The second lesson must be that only when we have full-time professionalism will we be able to compete at the top level on even terms. This was shown in stark reality by Johnston's absolute, total commitment in the matches he played. I am sure we have young players in Australia who have as much natural talent in their early teens as players in any other country in the world. It is only when overseas youngsters join professional clubs that they develop the finely honed skills and pace so evident in Johnston's play.

Johnston is also very proud to be an Australian. When asked at a business luncheon if he would play for England, his answer could have great significance to the game here on a national level. He felt it would be a great achievement to be chosen for England but he was Australian, and that is where his allegiance lay. Wouldn't it be marvellous for soccer in this country if he was available to lead our next World Cup campaign?



Craig Johnston

Willie Wallace, star of three Scottish World Cup Squads and two European Cup Finals, will be directing three more University of New England National Soccer Camps next January.

The University is known in Australia and overseas as the home of world-class summer camps directed by some of the biggest names in sport such as John Hipwell, John Newcombe and Tony Roche, and Ken Hiscoe and Heather McKay.

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Schools, clubs and associations, appreciating the unique value of the Camps and often with the help of local business houses and service clubs, have sponsored numerous players and coaches to the Camps.

The Camps are open to young players from 10 to 18 years of age.

Applications close on October 31. As the University of New England was unable to provide places for all applicants in 1982, early application is advised.

All inquiries, as well as inquiries about the University's National Rugby League Camp (Directors Paul Broughton and Peter Corcoran), National Rugby Union Camp (Director John Hipwell) and the Beiersdorf Sports Trainers' Camp (Director Doctor Bill Webb) should be sent to the University of New England National Sports Camps, Armidale, N.S.W. 2351 (telephone: (067) 72 2811).



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Reluctantly, he is scoring again

—From Andrew Both, Adelaide

West Adelaide's leading scorer, Graham Honeyman could be playing in the Scottish premier division with Dundee United had the Hawks' administrators not turned down an offer from the progressive Scottish club in 1978.

It was during the off season after West Adelaide had won the Philips League championship that Honeyman returned to his homeland and trained with United.

Manager Jim McLean was impressed with Honeyman and offered to sign him as a full-time professional, but West Adelaide refused to release its midfield star.

"United offered me \$10,000 a year, but wouldn't pay me any more because they had so many promising juniors coming through," Graham said.

"I wanted to stay but a dispute between the clubs over money brought me back to Australia."

Dundee United's loss has been West's gain and Honeyman, 29, has few regrets and says there is no way he will return to Scotland to live.

His two boys were born in and brought up in Australia and he wants them to enjoy the superior Australian lifestyle.

The climate, the higher living standards and the more relaxed lifestyle appeal to him.

The man who started his career with East Fife in the old Scottish first division does have one regret about Australian soccer though.

"When I was 18 I played against my boyhood idols, Rangers, at Ibrox Park in front of 75,000 fans..."

He realizes that with Philips League crowds averaging about 4,000 the atmosphere can never be recreated in Australia.

Comparing Australian and Scottish training methods he says the Scots concentrate more on sprint work.

"Apart from that their game also revolves more around one and two touch football and their training is more geared towards this."

He also has some advice to get Australia among the top soccer nations.

"Let kids up to 14 just play and enjoy themselves. Use smaller pitches and balls and then when they get to 15 or 16 have them instructed by qualified coaches."

Honeyman would also like to see us follow Brazilian methods of coaching.

"Many African and Asian countries have Brazilian coaches and they are getting away from us," he said.

In a country where schoolboy coaches are generally interested fathers, keen but



Graham Honeyman (right) sweeping past Adcity's Bobby Russell in a local derby.

unqualified, it may be expecting a bit too much for all kids to have such coaching.

One of the survivors of the inaugural 1977 West Adelaide Philips League team (Neil McGachey, Martyn Crook and Ian McGregor are the others), Honeyman has been to the pinnacle of success and the depth of despair.

In 1978 West won the league while last year it finished bottom and stayed in the League because of its lawyers rather than its players.

The main reason for the lowly position last year was a lack of goals, something that present coach Alan Vest realised when he took over at the beginning of the season.

He promptly switched Honeyman from midfield to striker, a position he had not held since his days with Sydney City in 1976.

Although he is "not a natural goal-scorer or a complete opportunist,"

Honeyman has responded brilliantly and recently scored his 13th goal of the season against Brisbane Gladiators — an average of more than one goal every other game.

Many experts consider his contribution to be one of the major reasons for the Hawks' resurgence this year — the signing of NZ internationals Allan Boath and Steve Sumner and a new coach are possibly the other major reasons.

The self-employed carpet cleaner regards Vest as an honest, straightforward man with a good grasp of tactics.

On the future, Honeyman sees himself winding up as a sweeper because "you don't have to run as much."

While the former Scottish youth player who played with Graeme Souness and John Robertson may have foregone full Scottish honors by emigrating to Australia, Scotland's loss has been Australia's gain.

EL MUNDIAL

...and now it's all over

Another World Cup is over; the winners still celebrate while the others analyse their mistakes or lick their wounds.

I'd like to agree with FIFA boss Joao Havelange's assessment that this was the greatest of all World Cups. But I cannot, even if I draw only on my own, fairly modest experience of four Cups stretching back to 1966.

England in 1966 was friendlier, more relaxed with a far superior atmosphere. Germany in 1974 was far better organised and Argentina in 1978 was infinitely more colorful and exciting. Then, from what we have heard and seen, the football of 1970 in Mexico was a lot better.

World Cup 1982

Part of the trouble in Spain was the unexpected and almost total eclipse of the home team. It became clear rather early that Spain would not even go close to winning the Cup. And so it turned out to be.

This dampened the spirit of the home crowds, leaving it to the drum-beating Brazilians and the colorful Scots and Italians to save the 'Mundial' from degenerating into a funeral.

Amazingly enough, the standard of play in Spain was higher than four years ago—despite the constant and tropical heat. Or, I suspect, because of it; teams simply had to rely on skill rather than running power to survive.

Four years ago we saw a very good Holland, Argentina and Italy plus some fair teams. This time Brazil, Italy and France were better than anything produced four years ago—and we also saw some excellent performances from others.

In 1978 the world press was almost forced to elect an ordinary Kempes as the player of the tournament, in the absence of a better choice. This time the honor went to Rossi—but could have also landed with Conti, Tardelli, Socrates, Falcao, Junior, Tigana, Tresor or even the rhapsodical but occasionally brilliant Boniek.



"It will be a disaster for soccer if Italy wins the World Cup"—this was, let's admit, a pretty widespread view in Spain after Brazil's shock elimination.

Then Italy did go on and win the damned thing—most deservedly. And today nobody talks about disasters any more. Italy, a team which went through seven games undefeated and, in the process, beat three favorites, were undoubtedly the best equipped team to take out the Cup.

I saw their last four matches 'live' in Barcelona and Madrid and I marvelled at the super-efficiency of their organisation, spirit, skill and simple tactics. No other team matched them in the difficult task of changing rhythm during a match; none came even near them in the classic art of counter-punching.

Italy, after a tentative, at times disappointing beginning in the first round, were perfectly geared to win. And this, after all, is what the World Cup is all about.

Those who belittle Italy's achievements, holding a fading torch for the artistic Brazil, should be reminded that here was a team which knew how to defend, how to use close marking and zonal defence and also knew better than anybody else how to strike back with lightning speed and deadly efficiency, using the entire width of the pitch. And all this without some of their key players: Gentile against Poland, Antognoni and Graziani against Germany. The Italian machine, finely tuned, simply continued to purr smoothly as if the replacements, such as the young Bergomi, had been there from the start.

What Italy played in their last four games was the pinnacle of modern football; not one unnecessary dribble, not one superfluous, selfish or impractical move. Everything aimed at team efficiency, goals—and victory.

True—Italy looked sluggish in the early games and got through with three draws into the second round, a breath ahead of Cameroon who almost beat them. True: against Argentina some of the Italians—notably Gentile—used some highly questionable tactics, almost mauling Maradona and Ardiles to pieces. Why didn't the referee protect the Argentinians? Who knows.

True: no other team in the World Cup could be more irritating with time-wasting tactics than the Italians. They all do it, of course—but the Italians made it into an art. So once again: why did the referees allow it, why didn't they add extra time to the 90 minutes?

It's also true that Brazil and France—occasionally even Honduras, Cameroon and Algeria—were prettier teams to watch, teams of artists, resurrecting moments of great stuff from the past. But where did that get them? Not even into the semifinals. And Italy wanted to win the Cup—not prettily but efficiently.

It's somewhat unfair to the Italians to rave too much about the elegance of

Italians knew best the art of winning...

Socrates, the power of Falcao or the silky skills of Platini, mainly because all this would imply that Italy were made up of a bunch of faceless, programmed robots. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Italy was not just that marvellous little Paolo Rossi, slithering and sliding in the goalmouth with all the deftness of a busy drinkwaiter on Rome's Via Veneto; actually, the Italians had no apparent weaknesses at all.

If one was foolish enough to suggest a Mundial team—and dozens of newspapers all over the world have done just that—almost all Italians could be considered for selection with the possible

exception of goalie Zoff, midfielder Orioli and striker Graziani. And that makes it about eight world class players, quite possibly led by that tremendous little midfielder Conti followed by Rossi, Tardelli, Scirea and yes, even that controversial tough guy, the indomitable Gentile who, in many ways, epitomised the spirit of Italy.

**World
Cup 1982**



Against Argentina, Brazil and Germany, the Italians gave a classic lesson in modern football. They knew how to cope with pressure, how to absorb waves of attacks, how to mobilise a great midfield and how to mount their stunningly fast counter-punches which resulted in eight goals in these three encounters and destroyed three illustrious, more highly fancied opponents.

At 2-2 against Brazil, with some 15 minutes to go, the Italians knew exactly what they had to do to win; the Brazilians had no clue what to do to keep the score. Against Germany they had the strength and courage to play their own waiting game and then exploit the impatience of the Germans in the second half.

If the 1982 World Cup did produce a lesson at all, it must have been provided by the Italians with their counter-attacking game. They should have proved beyond any doubt what some of us had realised before: possession in itself is no longer enough in soccer. Italy's style will surely put to rest the incredibly stupid notion and expression so widely used especially in England and here in Australia: "...against the run of play." Goals can be scored and World Cups can be won without dominating a match and Italy has proved the point.



What can be said of Germany? Although they had been among the pre-Cup favorites, they did much better than they had the right to expect in their mediocre form.

Several of their best men—Rummenigge, H. Muller, Hrubesch—played semi-fit; Rummenigge's vastly reduced effectiveness was a specially hard blow to them. For the final they lined up a tired team. Their semifinal against France went on till midnight on the previous Thursday—then, because of yet another organisational muddle, couldn't fly out of Seville to Madrid until about 3am Friday. Sunday came too soon for them.

Still, that's not much of an excuse. In none of their matches did the Germans even approach their best form and so the second placing actually flatters them.

They had to carry a few extra handicaps, too—almost all of them self-inflicted. Their crude, arrogant "fix" with the Austrians made them the most despised team in Spain. Their earlier defeat by Algeria and then their dull draws with England and Spain were uninspiring events. Their win over France in the semifinal, on penalties, was a lucky affair. The terrible foul by their goalie Schumacher on Frenchman Battiston—unpunished by a lenient referee—turned public sentiment strongly against them.



This was not the Germany the world has learned to admire; it was a pathetic "ersatz" variety only, almost as disappointing as their team four years ago. A win by Germany in the final would have been really tragic for soccer; it would have vindicated mediocrity more than at any other World Cup final—since another German triumph in 1954.

Paolo Rossi, after heading home Italy's first goal against Brazil in Barcelona.

World Cup 1982

Referees' 'hobby' is becoming boring

I would be most grateful if a referee—any referee—would kindly enlighten me on the subject of their favorite hobby: stealing matchballs.

This custom has now reached epidemic proportions and was widely practised at the World Cup where, probably without exception, all matchballs were arbitrarily expropriated—stolen—by the distinguished referees.

I observed that quite a few of them carefully ended their game when the ball was within easy reach. One, in the Italy v. Poland semifinal, went to the incredible extreme of actually picking up the ball still in play and then giving the signal to end the match.

I do realise that these referees confiscate the balls as 'souvenirs.' But an object worth close to \$100 is more than a simple hotel ashtray and can hardly be regarded as having sentimental value only.

Then the even more important question arises: why the referees? What gives them this special right over, let's say, the players?

I'd like to believe that, for example, Paolo Rossi or Bruno Conti did a bit more to earn the right for such a souvenir than that mediocre Brazilian referee, Coelho who now has the ball of the final in his cupboard.

This quaint custom is not entirely unknown in Australia either at internationals. Some of our referees, I suppose, must have a nice enough collection of 'souvenir' balls to open a shop.

A thousand pities we don't have players with enough character to test this mania.

In Spain I saw a referee actually wrestle with a player for the possession of the match ball, then march off triumphantly with his captured trophy.

The first player to successfully resist this pilferage will get my standing ovation.

Our backlog is not hopeless

Considering everything, New Zealand did rather well in the World Cup. Surely nobody expected them to win a point off their three classy opponents but quite a few people, especially in Australia, anticipated a Kiwi-slaughter at the Mundial.

Losing by three goals to Scotland and the USSR was no disgrace. True, the 0-4 loss to Brazil was hardly a reflection of the difference between the teams; by then Brazil, having qualified for the second round, went for a romp. The score could have been doubled, even trebled, had the Brazilians needed it. But then Brazil was in a class of its own.

Surprisingly, the Kiwis, unlike the Australians in 1974, went to the Mundial without a defensive mentality and were not all that preoccupied with the thought of minimising their defeats.

Whenever they could, they lurched forward into attack, fairly brightly and bravely. This netted them two goals against the unwary Scots and could have got them one or two against the pretty bohemian Brazilians, too.

And the irony of it all: it was those two Kiwi goals — scored by two expatriate Englishmen — that knocked out Scotland...

In most of their games, New Zealand were fairly well organised at the back and in mid-field but their attack, predictably, faltered. This, as so often in Australia's case, was more due to a lack of cohesion and rehearsed patterns than an absence of individual ability.

I felt that Herbert, Boath, Sumner and Woodin were their best players — though I didn't like the sulking attitude of Woodin towards his team-mates whenever a pass wasn't inch perfect. Woodin displayed the very same mannerisms that we saw from him in 1981 in Sydney — a great handicap for this talented player.

Young goalie Van Hattum, who squeezed Wilson out of the team, did well but against Brazil was a bundle of nerves. Who wouldn't be? Rufer, a talented little brat with the arrogance of a millionaire superstar, has shown flashes of his skills. Now he will reportedly play in Switzerland and there, one hopes, they will knock a degree of modesty into his swollen little head.

New Zealand received a good "press" in Spain; most reporters and commentators were genuinely taken with their simple, direct and honest style, their pluck and sporting behaviour. It was undoubtedly a success-

ful public relations excursion for the Kiwis and we here in Australia can merely applaud them.

All this automatically poses a question: how would have Australia fared at the Mundial? Not the rebellious, disorganised and dispirited mob of 1981 but a yet unborn side with the 1974 spirit?

I am convinced that we do have the players to build a new, strong Australian team. I also

So it's quite conceivable that X or Y may be rightly regarded as a top player in Australia but because of physical and other factors, he is unsuited for World Cups.

Having said that let me also add that, in my view, the difference between us and many European international teams is marginal, if expressed on individual basis.

Just a few random examples.

St George's Des Marton, I believe, is a more



The New Zealand defence at work against the USSR.

feel sure that not all the players now generally regarded as the best in the country are suitable for World Cup duties and conditions. Let me explain.

At today's international level the game is played hard and fast. Players who act or think slowly, who cannot win the ball or use it with one-time passes, are out of their depth. And, regrettably, some of our current internationals do fall into that category.

A fair degree of skill is absolutely essential; not the juggling kind but the brand which enables a player to receive and deliver a pass on the run, with one touch of the ball, if necessary.

World Cup 1982

accomplished and classier striker than Spain's Quini, Yugoslavia's Sustic, Hungary's Kiss or — the heresy to end all heresies — Argentina's Kempes.

By the same token I would always prefer Olympic's Peter Katholos to quite a number of over-rated European midfielders, such as Belgium's Van Moer (a bald and slow version of Rooney) or Vercauteren, Yugoslavia's Stivjo, Spain's Alonso, etc.

Our problem in Australia is not a lack of suitable players, but an almost total lack of team patterns. I can think of only Sydney City Heidelberg, Olympic and now St George which, off and on, plays according to a set style.

The World Cup report in this issue was written by Andrew Dettre.

Photos by Anton Cermak and agencies.

Soccer at an international level, even by the poorer teams, is played on a pattern based on "phalanx" movements; the players move together in a cluster, knowing who is where, stroking the ball around almost blindfolded, building their moves and waiting for the chance to pierce the enemy trenches with one decisive kinghit.

This type of soccer requires a high degree of understanding among the players which, in turn, produces the apparent confidence they have. And this can be acquired only through frequent match practices. An average European team plays eight to 10 internationals a year; add to that several B and Under-23 internationals and constant exposure to the three Euro-Cups. Do compare that with our case: Australia has not played an international since the third part of 1981...

So the first problem is to convince the ASF that:—

• We do have a good chance to further narrow the gap between us and the rest of the world and...

• This can be done only if the ASF — or rather, people appointed for that purpose by the ASF — prepares a three-year plan leading up to the 1986 World Cup.

This, of course, is not a new problem and yet the ASF seems patently disinterested in solving it. Perhaps Les Scheinflig, having had a fresh taste of the World Cup in Spain, will be forceful enough to argue for such a case. If not, he is wasting his time — and the ASF's money.

I tried to watch the World Cup through Australian eyes, constantly comparing players, abilities and requirements for this standard of soccer.

I don't want to assume the role of a selector or coach but, at the risk of upsetting a few players and perhaps flattering none, I am prepared to name the players who would have done quite well in Spain.

Among defenders I would have to mention Mullen, Ratcliffe and Davidson at their peak and perhaps also Henderson if he could regain his 1978 mobility and enterprise. These, in fact, would have been my back four, all possessing enough skill and soccer-intelligence to survive.

Of the midfielders, I often kept thinking of the likes of Souness, Patikas, Yzendoorn (certainly not as a defender), Katholos, Watson, Raskopoulos and Tredinnick types. Modern midfielders must be able to win the ball and use it, to have above average speed and skill and scoring ability, too.

There were few players in Spain with a superior skill to Joe Watson's, with a greater dash than so often displayed by Katholos or Souness. What makes them international unknowns is that they play at a modest level in Australia. But in ability and potential, they are not an inch behind recognised "stars" such as Germany's Magath, Argentina's Gallego and many others.

Finally, the strikers, our eternal Achilles-heel.

As we will never produce an Eder or Zico type of magician, we may as well build on what we do have.

And we certainly have in Soper, Koussas, Kosmina, Mitchell, Licata and a few other



Scene from the England v France clash

players who, with intensive coaching and under better training conditions, could hold their own in a World Cup. (I don't mention Marton here because of his age and ineligibility).

It's well worth while to shed our complexes and start raising our gunsights. A well prepared Australia not only should reach the finals in 1986 but could be strong enough to hold its own against quite a few teams whom we now hold in such a sacred awe.

World Cup 1982

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Everybody except the fans of the various teams wanted Brazil to win the World Cup; Brazil were everybody's darlings.

They were an aristocratic exception to the drab rule, a team of superbly gifted individuals with stunning skill, all absorbed in their own mesmerising artistry, expressed in a haunting samba-soccer to a rousing rhythm; a free-flowing game based on intuition and improvisation.

They looked absolutely unbeatable—and they lost. Let's add here quickly that they lost to a tremendous Italy.

I saw all of Brazil's five games in Seville and Barcelona and up to the Italian encounter I felt certain that they would dance their way to the Cup.

World Cup 1982

However, the little flaws in their game surfaced all at once and were cruelly exposed just when it mattered most.

How can a great team like Brazil have any serious shortcomings at all?

First of all, they carried two absolute passengers in the team, the sub-standard goalie Waldir Perez and the big black central striker, Serginho. Brazilian journalists told me that Serginho had made the team for political reasons; public opinion demanded that Brazil should have at least one fully black player in the team and he was the choice. (Junior, Luizinho, Socrates and Cerezo are of mixed blood.)

But Brazil didn't lose to Italy because of one clumsy black player, not even because of a dopey goalie. They lost because on that day their defence made several very grave errors, their midfield was slow and complicated and the previously brilliant strikers, Eder and Zico had a poor day.

However, even in that fateful match, Brazil was a delight to watch. Of all the teams in the World Cup, they played by far the most skilful, attractive and unpredictable football.

Of all the Brazilian teams at the World Cups since 1966 (and I missed Mexico in 1970), this was by far the best side. It's a cruel twist of fate that they failed to reach even the semifinals.

I believe the two most outstanding Brazilians in the team were Junior and Socrates. Junior, nominally a fullback, really played pushed up into the midfield and was one of the organisers of the attack. Socrates, an attacking midfielder cum striker, was the brain of the side, the chief designer of most moves, a gifted and elegant player.

The best striker was Eder who scored some memorable goals and has possibly the best left foot in world soccer. Lean-

One lapse cost Brazil the title



Zico jumps on the back of Socrates celebrating one of their numerous brilliant goals.

dro, Luizinho and Falcao were also in world class.

I was disappointed with Cerezo and, towards the end, even with Zico. Cerezo is slow and plays at one pace, fairly predictably. Zico, on his day a sharp finisher, did practically nothing against Italy. Perhaps it was a repetition of the 1966 match when the great Eusebio chickened out at the sight of Nobby Stiles—in case he gets kicked. Now it was Zico's turn, his apparent fear of Gentile's crushing tackles that might have paralysed him. But Gentile—like Stiles 16 years earlier—triumphed without having to resort to rough-house tactics.

On reflection, Brazil's unexpected, sad downfall cannot be regarded as a major shock; the best teams often fail to win the World Cup. Or at least the teams the public regards as the best.

Brazil themselves blew it in 1950 in Rio, then in 1954 Hungary went down to Germany. In 1966 Portugal couldn't make the final, then Holland failed twice when regarded as unbeatable.

Such is the nature of the World Cup.

It's safe to say that by all accepted standards, except one, Brazil were the best team in the World Cup.

That one vital exception, of course, is the results...

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 Olympic v. Brisbane Lions (:)
 Preston v. Marconi (:)

ROUND 26, AUGUST 8-9

Marconi v. Wollongong (:)
 Adelaide City v. Sth. Melbourne (:)
 St. George v. Sydney City (:)
 Heidelberg v. West Adelaide (:)
 Newcastle v. Leichhardt (:)
 Canberra City v. Brisbane City (:)
 Footscray v. Olympic (:)
 Brisbane Lions v. Preston (:)

ROUND 27, AUGUST 15-16

Wollongong v. Brisbane Lions (:)
 Sth. Melbourne v. Marconi (:)
 Sydney City v. Adelaide City (:)
 West Adelaide v. St. George (:)
 Leichhardt v. Heidelberg (:)
 Brisbane City v. Newcastle (:)
 Footscray v. Canberra City (:)
 Olympic v. Preston (:)

ROUND 28, AUGUST 22-23

Preston v. Wollongong (:)
 Brisbane Lions v. Sth. Melbourne (:)
 Marconi v. Sydney City (:)
 Adelaide City v. West Adelaide (:)
 St. George v. Leichhardt (:)
 Heidelberg v. Brisbane City (:)
 Newcastle v. Footscray (:)
 Canberra City v. Olympic (:)

ROUND 29, AUGUST 29-30

Wollongong v. Olympic (:)
 Sth. Melbourne v. Preston (:)
 Sydney City v. Brisbane Lions (:)
 West Adelaide v. Marconi (:)
 Leichhardt v. Adelaide City (:)
 Brisbane City v. St. George (:)
 Footscray v. Heidelberg (:)
 Newcastle v. Canberra City (:)



It's an illustrious list, really: Argentina, England, Belgium, USSR and, of course, Brazil. What they have in common is that they all failed to make the semifinals.

We have dealt with Brazil elsewhere. But why did the others fail?

Argentina was nowhere near the youthful, aggressive side of 1978. Apart from Passarella and Ardiles, they had many ordinary players. Had manager Menotti reached for his talented young reserves earlier in the series—such as Calderon and Barbas—instead of persevering with such sad flops as Kempes, Bertoni and Gallego, perhaps they would have done better.

Spain were simply awful, possibly one of the weakest teams in the World Cup whom a good Australia—or New Zealand—could easily hold for a draw.

According to Spanish newspapers, this was their weakest national team in living memory and manager Santamaria will pay for this with his well paid (\$90,000) job. His resignation was demanded by almost all Spanish newspapers the day after Spain's elimination in the second round.

How over-glamorised players such as Arconada, Juanito, Quini, Ufarte and Satrustegui could play so badly in so many games, at home, will no doubt be investigated and dissected by the Spanish Press. Only fullback Gordillo and midfielder Zamora escaped the Mundial without a totally tarnished reputation.

England surprised everybody by romping into the second round without the loss of a point but then their lack of class and predictable style caused their downfall—with two miserable 0-0 draws.

To reach the semifinal, all they had to do was to beat Spain 2-0 or 3-1. Instead, England played a dull 0-0 draw because their attack, as so often in the past, failed to create one sudden, unexpected move.

Why manager Ron Greenwood kept persisting with his 'honest' men such as Rix, Woodcock, Mills and Wilkins instead of using the much more talented Anderson, Hoddle and Brooking, remains a mystery. The truth is that England cannot expect any major international success until their national side shows some flair—and such flair can only be provided by their best colored players—the same as in France.

Belgium were dreadful, as boring as Brussels on a wet afternoon, some 80 per cent below their 1980 best. They were shackled by the 'most modern' tactics of 'pressing' but failed to produce the players to give the system—any system—substance. Only fullback Gerets (injured in the third match) and occasionally midfielder Coeck and striker Ceulemans looked like accomplished players, the rest were not an inch above the New Zealand class.

Finally, the USSR, a team many experts tipped if not for the Cup then at least for a semifinal spot. They looked good in the early games but where it mattered most—against Poland—their stars let them down. Needing a simple 1-0 win to make the semifinals, Blokhin, Shengalia and the others were as unenterprising as a laborer on a collective farm in Volgograd.

England needs 'color' to add sparkle to its dull routine



Scotland's Joe Jordan after scoring against the USSR at Malaga.

World Cup 1982

In goalie Dassayev they produced the tournament's best while Baltacha, Damianenko and Bessonov all had some good games. But with their impotent strikers—led by the in-

dolent, even arrogant Blokhin—they failed against Poland and concluded yet another unsuccessful World Cup on behalf of the world's No.1 sporting nation.

It's not really hard to learn Spanish. For instance, "momento" means anything up to four hours while the briefer "momentito" can still take up to an hour and a half. "Manana," despite all you might have learned at the language school, doesn't mean tomorrow but a vague, unspecified date later in the week, perhaps next month.

This was the background to the organisation of the Mundial. Spain was not disorganised; it was largely unorganised. Things just happened, triggered off by the Spanish talent for improvisation and apparent hatred for planning.

But let's be fair: eventually every tourist had his hotel room (or somebody else's), every journalist got his match tickets, almost all phone lines worked and, in the end, the majority left Spain with fond memories of a sunny country with friendly people.

It was that frequent "eventually" syndrome that caused so many frayed nerves and increased blood pressures.

The Organising Committee engaged many hundreds of young men and women to staff the stadiums, press centres and major hotels. They outfitted them with stunning uniforms (one per person; all had to be washed nightly...) and even assigned them to their stations. Then they forgot to tell them about their duties.

Almost every single question you asked resulted in an impromptu conference, some shrugged shoulders and raised voices (yours) before an answer could be obtained. The stock answer to most requests — even simple ones — was "not possible." Why not possible? "Wait a momentito," they said and eventually returned, solved the problem and the "not possible" became very easily possible.

World Cup 1982

After about two weeks things began to improve; these ingenious young Spaniards — many of them university students — simply devised their own system of coping. And the system really worked, despite it never having been laid down precisely.

However, in some respects the Mundial failed to reach the level of earlier series. Although there was a pleasant "Mundial" song in existence, played before all televised matches, these were never used in the stadiums to create a mood — as has been the case since the 1966 World Cup in England.

In some cases — Malaga and the Espanol stadium "Sarría" in Barcelona, for example — the seats were indescribably dirty, covered with layers of yellow dust.

Security was almost zero. Everywhere you could see large numbers of police

and army — but entry to the stadiums was unhindered, without any checks. At the FC Barcelona stadium "Nou Camp" all pressman, on match days, were turned away at the main gate and directed to go through a special turnstile "for security reasons." Perfect. Except that these turnstiles were always unattended and any ambitious terrorist could have taken in enough bazookas and ammo to wipe out the 103,000 people in the stadium.

Small things served as irritants. On the first two match days in Barcelona, the press tickets were issued, on the morning of the match, in the interview room. Everything went smoothly and quickly, with a fairly orderly queue. (No queue is ever totally orderly with Spaniards and Latin Americans involved). On both oc-

A very major shortcoming was the absence of city press centres altogether. If you wanted to work, type, phone or telex your office, whether in Malaga, Sevilla, Barcelona or other cities, you had to go to the stadium where these facilities — excellent ones — existed.

England, Germany and Argentina all had press centres not just in the stadiums but also in the cities — usually two or three floors of a hotel; Spain dispensed with this custom. Except in Madrid.

Possibly the only aspect of the whole organisation which everybody detested was "Mundiespana." Formed into a consortium through the alliance of four travel agencies and four transport companies, "Mundiespana" was supposed to be responsible for the accommodation of

Spain's great for those with nerves

all visitors, their transport and ticket allocations.

But 'Mundiespana' was a mess. Reserved hotels were double-booked, while others — much cheaper ones — remained half empty. Tourists including many Australians and New Zealanders, found that only luxury class accommodation guaranteed them seats in the stadiums, otherwise they had standing room only. And "Mundiespana" "forgot" to mention this to all Australian travel companies beforehand...

Accounts were miscalculated, lost, found again but with the wrong sums; long waits and even longer arguments were needed to reach some sort of a compromise to pay the bill.

I think that "Mundiespana" — which had paid a huge sum to the Organising Committee for their franchise — was totally unnecessary. This was the first World Cup ever that such a private enterprise was set up. Things would have worked more smoothly for the visitors to Spain if they had been allowed or even encouraged to make their own arrangements with a local travel agency, as in the past. There was no equivalent to "Mundiespana" in Germany or Argentina — and yet everybody found a hotel, without paying — as in my case — a whacking 40 percent surcharge to 'Mundiespana' for their dubious service.

Even in packed Barcelona, at the height of the World Cup, it was possible to find, without any bother, a decent double room in a two-star hotel for some \$20 a night.

I was one of the "lucky" ones who managed to secure much the same, via "Mundiespana," for about double that rate...





The day all fans lost their voice...

A "torcida" in Portuguese means a group or a body of supporters. But in Brazil's case a "torcida" is total madness coupled with ear-splitting drumbeats.

This was a World Cup by Brazilian torcidas. Both in Seville and in Barcelona, large squads of Brazilians invaded the city streets, turning them into carnivals. And there were some 14,000 Brazilians in Spain for the Cup, roaming around endlessly in literally hundreds of "torcidas," all wearing the yellow shirt of their team, many of them with a huge No. 12 on the back — the first team reserve...

You could see them and hear them all over Seville, on trains, buses, at street corners, in bars and beerhalls; later they moved to Barcelona where they promptly occupied the famous Ramblas, the colourful, tree-lined main promenade down from the Plaza de Catalunya. Spain, for three long weeks, suffered a happy, crazy Brazilian occupation.

Any self-respecting torcida produced its own music or at least steel drums to beat out a samba. The most massive displays by these torcidas came in the stadiums where the fans formed huge yellow-shirted forests and kept up their energy sapping chants and music for the whole match.

Anybody who ever wondered what soccer really means to Brazilians had to see these noisy fans in action.

Then — disaster, the 3-2 defeat against Italy.

In the last 20 minutes or so, with Brazil clearly in trouble badly needing the support of its torcidas, the fear of defeat, the prospect of doomsday must have paralysed their throats.

There they sat or stood in bewildered silence and, for the first time, they looked middle-aged, middle-class tourists, not mad soccer fans.

In the evening, the city streets in Barcelona were awash with happy, screaming, flag-waving young Italian fans celebrating a great victory. Not one yellow T-shirt was to be seen.

The Ramblas had a new master.

South Americans all miss out on placings

Of the six seeded teams, only Italy and Germany reached the semifinals—both very, very narrowly. The others—Brazil, Argentina, England and Spain—all failed.

Two 'second seeded' teams, Poland and France also made the top four. Second seed teams which failed to survive round one were Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia.

None of the three British teams reached the semifinals; of the 'Socialist Bloc' countries only two made it to the second round, the other three flunked it.

All four semifinalists came from Europe—for only the second time in World Cup history. The other occasion was 1966 in England.

Cup format can be improved

The World Cup is far too long — this is the view of just about everybody who spent the entire period in Spain. From June 13 to July 11 — slightly more, allowing for earlier arrival and a July 12 departure — is close to five weeks, involving travelling some respectable distances and watching — live — 14 matches plus another 10 on TV.

Perhaps it was a mistake to expand the field from 16 teams to 24; maybe the entire system needs changing.

As it is, the name used in English, "Cup," is certainly a misnomer. It's much more what the Germans call it — a football world championship.

If FIFA wants to retain the 24 team-field, it should split the teams into eight groups of three with only the winners qualifying and then proceeding with the quarter-finals and semi-finals — without playing a full first and second round.

At present there are 52 matches in the World Cup; under this new system there would be only 32 games and the World Cup period could be reduced from the present 29 days to about 18.

But there are snags. FIFA is increasingly under heavy commercial influences, showing scant sign of resistance. The World Cup nowadays is much more a business than a sporting event.

West Nally of London, which sold all the advertising for the Cup, has greater say in the programming arrangements than all the national presidents, team coaches, players and pressmen rolled into one.

More and more, the World Cup is becoming a TV event, a tourist attraction and an opportunity for big business to flaunt their products; the game itself is incidental.

World Cup 1982

New Zealand was the only team not to collect a single caution—surely they deserve the FIFA Fair Play award.

They were followed by Scotland and Honduras each with a single caution.

The greatest number of yellow cards (a total of 92) was flashed to Italy (10), Poland and Germany (nine each).

Italy finished first, Germany second and Poland third—so maybe there is a morale to it somewhere...

The Press: only TV matters

"We are considered a bloody nuisance and treated accordingly," a London UPI photographer told me in Barcelona. His complaint was echoed during the World Cup by hundreds of his colleagues, members of the most disenchanted press tribe in Spain.

Photographers, with full accreditations, began their match-day Canossa usually four to five hours before a game when they had to travel, with all their gear, to the stadium. And the gear often included two or three cameras, extra long zoom lenses, tripods, films and a camera case.

The purpose of their early trip to the Press Centres was to obtain a 'bib,' a colored and numbered vest which would allow them to get down into a prescribed position behind a goal and take photos—a job for which they had been sent to Spain.

But it wasn't just the early arrival in the stadiums that irked the cameramen; it was the incredible scenes that followed which made them feel like pariahs.

Up to 200 or more of them would gather in a narrow corridor outside an office and, with hardly a seat provided, wait to be called. They would slump to the concrete floor amidst a maze of cameras, tripods and other gear, looking more like inmates of a refugee camp than envied and highly skilled professionals.

Then, according to some system which often varied from city to city, they would be called into the office, identified and either given a bib or a brief apology.

World Cup 1982

Journalists had to undergo similar though much shorter rituals to obtain their tickets, too, outside another office; only twice were press tickets allocated for more than one match.

Undoubtedly the stars of the Press were the TV-men, enjoying all the privileges. The World Cup is no longer a 'press event,' but a TV spectacular, with matches seen by up to 1,000 million viewers.

But, I suspect, it wasn't just the sheer weight of this awesome TV audience that relegated the press, mainly the photographers, to a lowly status.

TV transmissions can be—and were—controlled, if not manipulated; photographers cannot be. The TV pictures you saw on your screen were very expertly 'mixed' by a studio director. The 'unpleasant' scenes were simply cut.



A World Cup disappointment, Argentina's eight-million dollar man, variously dubbed as 'Maradollar' and 'Minidona' by cynics.

Maradona: Superstar or just a PR product?

Is Diego Maradona an \$8 million superstar, the world's greatest player and the saviour of Barcelona and the whole of Cataluna—or a monumental flop, a sulking, swarthy, spoilt slum kid with very mortal talents?

The World Cup failed to settle that question. Maradona played some disappointing games and only against the disorganised Hungarians and occasionally against the loose-marking Brazil did he show flashes of his skills. But hardly enough to put him in the Pele category.

Actually, I think Maradona is not as good now as he was three years ago when I first saw him in Berne, against Holland. There he was full of youthful cheek and dash, slaloming between the giant defenders with ease.

Today's Maradona, one suspects, has been rapidly turned into a valuable property providing luxury living for many parasites, a living advertising billboard flogging Puma boots, Fuji films and scores of other products, at enormous fees. The Divine Dieguito, at 21, has become a wealthy, slightly bored old man.

Despite his disappointing Mundial, I still feel that Maradona will develop into one of the big stars of the 1980s. He might have found the World Cup pressure too much to bear—so did many others—but once he settles down with FC Barcelona in their splendid Nou Camp, he could be a very big asset.

It also took Ardiles a season or so to find his feet in London; even the great Alfredo Di Stefano, in the late 1950s, was anything but an instant hit when he reached Spain via Argentina and Colombia.

So to write Maradona off too soon may be a big mistake—almost as big as to compare him with Pele. One could see that he has speed, superb skills and a rasping shot, all well above the average.

And success-oriented, ambitious and wealthy Barcelona might be just the club needed for his talents to blossom again.

France dealt a cruel blow

The two semifinals produced sharply contrasting standards of soccer.

In Barcelona, we saw a confident and efficient Italy toy with Poland; the 2-0 didn't properly express the difference between the teams. Poland, without the suspended Boniek, were meandering through the 90 minutes without plans and ideas. All their predictably woven attacks broke down some 25 metres from the goal.

The Italians, on the other hand, were bristling with confidence, having already beaten Argentina and Brazil. They were controlling the midfield and scored just when they had to.

Paolo Rossi, whose hat-trick had earlier destroyed Brazil, added two more brilliant goals to his tally. One always felt that had they needed it, the Italians could have produced one or two more goals almost at will.

The other semifinal, in Seville, was an absolute thriller, the best match of the World Cup, more than two hours of drama between France and Germany.

Even the regulation 90 minutes produced some excellent football—mainly by the French, whose skill and smooth team-work closely approached the Brazilian 'gold standard.'

But the drama came in extra time as the French, within 12 minutes, raced to a 3-1 lead. With only 18 minutes remaining it seemed all over; France, for the first time ever, would reach a World Cup final.

Then the Germans swung into action. Rummenigge, not quite fit, came on as a late-late replacement for the extra time and he began to inspire his team. Two world class goals were the result, leading to the penalty kicks—for the first time in World Cup history.

And here, after the first series of five shots, the score stood at 4-4—with Stielke and Six missing—before, in the sudden-death prolongation, the unfortunate Bossis slammed his shot into goal: Schumacher. All that remained was for the burly Hrubesch to keep his calm and slot his shot low into the left corner. The same Hrubesch who had been earlier dropped from the team by manager Derwall for publicly calling his

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Hans Krankl (left) and Janvion during the France v Austria match.

boss a 'coward' and a 'tool of the real manager, Breiitner.'

Together with millions of others who saw the match, I felt that France were the better team and, had they been more careful at 3-1, would have surely won. France, in this match, played the most delightful football of all European teams in the Cup but were just a shade inferior to the Germans physically.

The match for third place, at Alicante, was an odd affair. France, fielding all their reserves, again looked brilliant, went to a deserved lead—then, just on halftime, two quick breaks brought two sudden Polish goals. Each team added one more in the second half with the Poles, as in 1974, again winning the bronze medal. But even they would have

to admit that they were anything but the third best team in the field.

As for France—'quel dommage...' They produced a very talented, skilful and imaginative team which deserved to play in the final. Only Brazil and Italy could parade such a number of outstanding players as France—Tresor, Janvion, Amoros, Giresse, Platini, Rocheteau, Genghini and Bossis and only Brazil could put on a similar breath-taking exhibition of clever, fast and modern football.

Being one penalty kick away from a World Cup final must have thrilled and also depressed the French at the same time. Maybe, in the 1984 European Championships, they will get their compensation.

Colombia

**World
Cup 1982**

looms as disaster

FIFA has confirmed that the 1986 World Cup will be held in Colombia. However, there is a chance that the number of teams will be cut back from 24 to 16.

There is also a great deal of 'informed talk' that Colombia will lose the Cup which then goes to Brazil or the USA.

In August, a FIFA committee will visit Colombia to check their ability to cope with the World Cup. A decision will be made before the end of October.

Colombia has assured FIFA that it can stage the 1986 series and finance it from its two main revenues, coffee and oil. (A third one, cocaine, has not been mentioned.)

However, many South American pressmen familiar with the local conditions predict a near-disaster if the 1986 World Cup goes to Colombia.

They argue that if Spain struggled to cope in 1982, Colombia will simply fail four years later.

These have been my choices as the best players in the 1982 World Cup:

Goalkeepers: Dassayev (USSR) undoubtedly the No.1, followed by Arzu of Honduras, N'Kono of Cameroon and perhaps Shilton of England. The biggest disappointment was Spain's shaky Arconada and that terrible Waldir Perez of Brazil.

Defenders: My first choice is Passarella of Argentina—a complete player. Others who looked very good: Gerets (Belgium), Zmuda (Poland), Baltacha (USSR), Tresor (France), Gentile and Scirea (both Italy), Costly (Honduras) and the Brazilians Luizinho and Leandro.

Midfielders: For me, Socrates of Brazil was the greatest—a creative, intelligent player with immaculate distribution though slightly on the lazy side. Others I liked: Tardelli (Italy), Falcao and Junior (Brazil; Junior, nominally a fullback, did play as a midfielder), Ardiles (Argentina), Matysik (Poland), Bessanov (USSR), Kunde (Cameroon), Nyilasi (Hungary), Robson (England), Gilberto (Honduras), Belloumi (Algeria), Tigana, Platini and Giresse (all France) and Antognoni (Italy).

Strikers: My vote, after the final in Madrid (and all pressmen voted, not a selected few, as one was told in Sydney last June...) went to Italy's Paolo Rossi who eventually did finish at the top of the poll. Others I would put in the world class category are Conti (Italy; often playing pulled back deeply), Littbarski (Germany), Eder and Zico (Brazil) Lato and Boniek of Poland, Strachan of Scotland and Rocheteau of France.

Then—the disappointments.

One should name here, en bloc, the entire teams of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia as well as Spain, including their expensive 'stars' such as the Vujovic brothers, Susic, Sestic, Petrovic, Nehoda, Vizek, etc.

The Argentinian Fillol, Tarantini and Kempes all had a terrible World Cup as did the Soviet Blokhin, the Scots Souness and Dalglish, the Germans Rummenigge (injured most of the time) and Breitner, the Austrian Krankl ('a stupid man,' according to his coach, the urbane Georg Schmidt), the Peruvians Uribe and Cubillas, most of the English players, the Belgian Van Moer and Vandenberg, the Hungarian Torocsik and Balint and, last but not least, the \$8 million man, Maradona...

Maradona (left) battling with Italy's Collovati.



These were the stars of the Cup

Mundial was a sizzler

This must have been the "hottest" World Cup since Mexico in 1970.

Spain held the matches at 5.15 pm and 9 pm, both in June and July; the four-hour gap meant little difference.

The sun set about 9.30 pm so the temperature at 9 was almost as high as at 5.

In the first round, the highest temperature was recorded at the Yugoslavia v Northern Ireland game, at Zaragoza —

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36 degrees. Not far behind were the USSR v Scotland match at Malaga (35) and the England v France clash at Bilbao (34).

All told, nine of the 36 first round matches recorded temperatures over 30 degrees and only three times did the thermometer drop below 20.

It's important to add that the temperatures were taken at the stands — not down on the pitch. In Malaga and Seville, for example, where the stadiums are built like cauldrons, it must have been five or six degrees hotter on the grass.

The agitation against "watering down" the World Cup goes on as strongly as ever. This sentiment is especially noticeable among Europeans who, for some strange reason, believe that other continents — with the grudgingly granted exception of South America — are condemned to eternal soccer serfdom.

Well, how did the so-called "minnows" fare at the World Cup?

Pretty well, on the whole. In Group 1 Cameroon drew all their three matches, with Poland, Italy and Peru and were eliminated after having finished on identical points and goal differences with Italy — but having scored one single goal less. Cameroon should have beaten Poland convincingly but for some atrocious finishing.

In Group 2 Algeria were plainly cheated out of a second round spot. Their 2-1 win over Germany was deserved, then they beat Chile 3-2, having squandered an easy 3-0 lead. It

'Minnows' did well to end accusations

took the most cynical "fix" by Germany and Austria in their match to arrange a result that squeezed out Algeria, on goal differences.

In Group 3 El Salvador were humbled 10-1 by Hungary — the mystery result of the World Cup — then regrouped and suffered two narrow defeats against Belgium and Argentina. In Group 5 their neighbours Honduras did even better: they drew with Spain (where they should have won but for a gift penalty), and with Northern Ireland, then lost 1-0 to Yugoslavia, with yet another dubious penalty, scored in the very last minute.

Honduras, by the way, play almost completely in the Brazilian style; they are a delight to watch. If they could have finished off some of their great moves, they could have gone far in the Cup.

Kuwait in Group 4 drew with Czechoslovakia, lost to England by the odd goal and were clearly beaten only by France. Kuwait has some 1,500 registered players, as against England's three million...

Even New Zealand survived without a major calamity in what was possibly the toughest group. (See separate story).

Some experts in Spain argued that these small soccer countries could play one or two good matches but not a whole World Cup. This view was also expressed by Dettmar Cramer, former FIFA development coach in third world countries, now the coach of the German aspirin-millionaires Bayer Leverkusen.

I think Cramer is wrong. The reason why these small countries were all eliminated after the first round are manifold.

Saxon 'fix' the scandal of '82

It has been proved again that cup football provides the most excitement.

The first round games, on the whole, were dull and sub-standard with teams counting not just points but goal differences and doing barely enough to qualify. Italy, Austria, Spain and the USSR all made the second round that way.

In the second round, with fewer mathematical possibilities left, the teams began to play the real stuff.

If I were a tourist contemplating a visit to the next World Cup (hopefully not in Colombia...) I would want to arrive in time for the second round only.

Perhaps the most convincing argument for a change in the World Cup format was provided in the totally incredible Germany v. Austria first round match, the last in their group.

The position was this: if Germany won by three goals, they would qualify with Algeria. If Austria got a point, they would make it, together with Algeria. Any other result would put the Algerians out.

So the result was a 1-0 win for Germany.

The Germans scored after 11 minutes of 'real soccer'—and there the match died. For the remaining 79 minutes neither team bothered to attack; often the 20 players—without their yawning goalies—stood near the centre circle slowly interpassing.

World Cup 1982

First of all, they lack finesse, a calculating mind and battle-hardened cynicism their European brethren possess in such abundance. This applies especially to Honduras, Algeria and Cameroon who could have all so easily qualified for the second round at the expense of the more inferior Spain or Northern Ireland, the then still weak Poland and the bland Austria.

Honduras and Cameroon both play romantic football, a dreamy, aesthetically wonderful brand without the drab bloody-mindedness of the Yugoslavs, Spaniards and others.

But they will change — and then look out, world. Some of these countries have given fresh notice that the balance of soccer power is rapidly changing.

Once the African teams acquire a bit more steel and competitiveness, an ability to read the pattern of the game and to change rhythms, they will be extremely hard to beat.

There were no tackles by either side, no sudden breaks and certainly no shots at goal. Once Breitner, near the Austrian goal, somehow got the ball on his right foot—and immediately shot 20 metres over the bar, in case he ruins the arrangements...

The whole circus was performed crudely and cynically; the crowd at first became annoyed, then rebellious and threatening. I would have fully understood them if they had resorted to lynching.

Was it a fix? A few days later, in Barcelona's Palace Hotel, I had a long talk to the Austrian manager Georg Schmidt, a pleasant, intelligent man and head of the Austrian Coaching College; for him the World Cup job was only a temporary interlude, when his Association's bigwigs couldn't agree on a man of their choice.

"No, it was not a fix in the ordinary sense," Schmidt told me. "I never discussed the possibility with Germany's manager Derwall and never asked my players to perform so scandalously. I was just as upset and ashamed as anybody else. But also powerless. Which player should I order off the field to be replaced? All of them?"

"At halftime I said to them they are crazy and may even cause a riot. Prohaska replied: 'We can't take a risk. Neither can the Germans. If we don't bother them, they won't bother us; they will be happy with their 1-0 win.'

"What if we open up, try to attack them—and they score two more and we're out? This way we'll both qualify."

After the match—the most scandalous match I have ever seen in my 45 years in soccer—there were accusations levelled at the Organising Committee, headed by the German Hermann Neuberger, for having put 'cousins' Germany and Austria in the same group—then allowing their clash to be the last and deciding one.

It certainly smacked of such a deal and the outcome justified the earlier fears. Of course, Neuberger and FIFA would hotly deny any involvement. Neuberger even said after the match that 'sure, the teams played cautiously but what's wrong with that?'

Neuberger is now believed to have almost as much power in world soccer as president Havelange and may even be a candidate to succeed him.

As president of the German Association (DFB) he would have to be a living saint not to favor his own country.

And Herr Neuberger is no living saint...

WORLD CUP MATCH

Sunday, June 13

Group Three

ARGENTINA (0) 0
BELGIUM (0) 1 (Vandenbergh 63)
 Att: 95,000 (in Barcelona)
 Argentina: Fillol, Olguin, Galvan, Passarella, Tarantini, Ardiles, Gallego, Maradona, Bertoni, Diaz, R (sub. Valdano), Kempes.
 Belgium: Pfaff, Gerets, Millicamps, de Schrijver, Baeyens, Coeck, Vercauteren, Vandermissen, Czerniatynski, Vandenbergh, Ceulemans.
 Referee: V. Christov (Czechoslovakia)

Monday, June 14

Group One

ITALY (0) 0
POLAND (0) 0
 Att: 30,000 (in Vigo)
 Italy: Zoff, Gentile, Collovati, Scirea, Cabrini, Marini, Tardelli, Antognoni, Conti, Rossi, Graziani.
 Poland: Mlynarczyk, Majewski, Zmuda, Janas, Jolocha, Matysik, Boniek, Buncol, Lato, Iwan (sub. Kusio), Smolarek.
 Referee: M. Vautrot (France)

Group Six

BRAZIL (0) 2 (Socrates 74, Eder 87)
RUSSIA (1) 1 (Bal 34)
 Att: 45,000 (in Seville)
 Brazil: Valdir Peres, Leandro, Oscar, Luizinho, Junior, Carezo, Falcão, Socrates, Diniz (sub. Isidoro), Zico, Eder.
 Russia: Dassev, Sulakvelidze, Chivadze, Baltacha, Demianenko, Shengelia (sub. Andrei), Gavrilov (sub. Susloparov), Blokhin, Bel, Daraselia.
 Referee: A. Lamo Castillo (Spain)

Tuesday, June 15

Group Six

SCOTLAND (3) 5 (Dalglish 19, Wark 30, 33, Robertson 74, Archibald 80)
NEW ZEALAND (0) 2 (Sumner 54, Wooddin 65)
 Att: 25,000 (in Malaga)
 Scotland: Rough, McGinn, Gray, Souness, Hansen, Evans, Strachan (sub. Narey), Dalglish, Brazil (sub. Archibald), Wark, Robertson.
 New Zealand: Van Hattum, Hill, Elrick, Mackay, Macdonald (sub. Cole), Almond (sub. Herbert), Ruler, Booth, Wooddin, Sumner, Cresswell.
 Referee: D. Socha (United States)

Group One

PERU (0) 0
CAMEROON (0) 0
 Att: 11,000 (in La Coruna)
 Peru: Quiroga, Duarte, Gonzalez, Diaz, Olachea, Uribe, Cueto, Velazquez, Leguia (sub. La Rosa), Cubillas (sub. Barbadillo), Oñate.
 Cameroon: N'Kono, M'Bom, Aoudou, Onana, Kahum, Abega, M'Bira, Kunde, Milla (sub. Tadjou), N'Gue (sub. Bakikeni), Serey-Dieng.
 Referee: F. Frederiksson (Sweden)

Group Three

HUNGARY (3) 10 (Nyilasi 3, 84, Poloskei 10, Fazekas 23, 54, Toth 51, Kiss 69, 73, 77, Szentes 71)
EL SALVADOR (0) 1 (Zepeta 65)
 Att: 19,750 (in Elche)
 Hungary: Meszaros, Martos, Balint, Toth, Muller (sub. Szentes), Garaba, Nyilasi, Sallai, Fazekas, Torocsik (sub. Kiss), Poloskei.
 El Salvador: Mora, Castillo, Jovel, Rodriguez, Reinos, Rugamas (sub. Zapata), Alfaro, Hurtado, Hernandez, Gonzalez, Rivas.
 Referee: Al-Joy (Bahrain)

Wednesday, June 16

Group Four

ENGLAND (1) 3 (Robson 27 secs, 67, Mariner 82)
FRANCE (1) 1 (Soler 25)
 Att: 45,000 (in Bilbao)
 England: Shilton, Mills, Sansom (sub. Neal), Thompson, Butcher, Robson, Coppell, Wilkins, Francis, Mariner, Rix.
 France: Ertori, Battiston, Bossis, Tresor, Lopez, Larios (sub. Tigana), Girard, Giresse, Rocheteau (sub. Six), Platini, Soler.
 Referee: A. Garrido (Portugal)

Group Five

SPAIN (0) 1 (Ufarte, pen 64)
HONDURAS (1) 1 (Zelaya 7)
 Att: 49,852 (in Valencia)
 Spain: Arconada, Gordillo, Alonso, Tendillo, Alencas, Juanito (sub. Saura), Joaquin (sub. Sanchez), Setrustegui, Zamora, Ufarte, Gomez.
 Honduras: Arzu, Villegas, Bulez, Costly, Maradiaga, Zelaya, Gilberto, Betancourt, Norales (sub. Caballero), Figueroa, Yearwood.
 Referee: I. Thuralde (Argentina)

Group Two

WEST GERMANY (0) 1 (Rummenigge 70)
ALGERIA (0) 2 (Madjer 54, Belloumi 71)
 Att: 42,000 (in Gijon)
 West Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Stielike, Forster, Briegel, Breitner, Magath (sub. Fischer), Dremmler, Rummenigge, Hrubesch, Littbarski.
 Algeria: Cerbah, Guendouz, Kourichi, Merzekane, Mansouri, Belloumi, Dhaieb, Fergani, Madjer (sub. Larbes), Zidane (sub. Bensoulai), Assad.
 Referee: E. Lebo Revoredo (Peru)

Thursday, June 17

Group Five

NORTHERN IRELAND (0) 0
YUGOSLAVIA (0) 0
 Att: 25,000 (in Zaragoza)
 Northern Ireland: Jennings, Nicholl, J. Donaghy, McCreery, Nicholl, C. McClelland, McIlroy, O'Neill, M. Armstrong, Hamilton, Whiteside.
 Yugoslavia: Pantelic, Gudelj, Zajec, Stojkovic, Petrovic, Stijivo, Vujovic-Zlatko, Susic, Jovanovic, Hrstic, Surjak.
 Referee: F. Frederiksson (Sweden)

Group Four

KUWAIT (0) 1 (Al-Dakheel 58)
CZECHOSLOVAKIA (1) 1 (Panenka, pen 22)
 Att: 7,000 (in Valladolid)
 Kuwait: Al-Tarabulsi, Naim Saad, Ma'Yool, Mahboub, Waleed-Jasem, Al-Bouloushi, Saad Al-Houti, Karam (sub. Fajthi Kameel), Faisal Al-Dakheel, Jasem Yacoub, Al-Anbari.
 Czechoslovakia: Hruska, Barmos, Jurkemik, Fiala, Kukučka, Panenka, Berger, Kriz (sub. Bivovski), Janacka (sub. Petrzel), Nehoda, Vizek.
 Referee: K. Dwomoh (Ghana)

Group Two

AUSTRIA (1) 1 (Schachner 22)
CHILE (0) 0
 Att: 22,500 (in Oviedo)
 Austria: Koncilia, Krauss, Obermayer, Pezzer, Degorgi (sub. Baummeister), Hattenberger, Hintermaier, Weber (sub. Jurtan), Prohaska, Krankl, Schachner.
 Chile: Osben, Garrido, Figueroa, Valenzuela, Borge, Bonavalliet, Dubo, Neira (sub. Manuel Rojas), Moscoso (sub. Gambo), Yanez, Caszely.
 Referee: J. Cardellino (Uruguay)

Friday, June 18

Group Six

BRAZIL (1) 4 (Zico 32, Oscar 48, Eder 84, Falcão 87)
SCOTLAND (1) 1 (Narey 17)
 Att: 47,000 (in Seville)
 Brazil: Valdir Peres, Leandro, Oscar, Luizinho, Junior, Carezo, Falcão, Socrates, Serginho (sub. Isidoro), Zico, Eder.
 Scotland: Rough, Narey, Gray, Souness, Hansen, Miller, Strachan (sub. McLeish), Hartford (sub. Dalglish), Archibald, Wark, Robertson.
 Referee: L. Calderon (Costa Rica)

Group One

ITALY (1) 1 (Conti 19)
PERU (0) 1 (Diaz 84)
 Att: 31,000 (in Vigo)
 Italy: Zoff, Cabrini, Collovati, Gentile, Scirea, Antognoni, Marini, Tardelli, Conti, Graziani, Rossi (sub. Causio).
 Peru: Quiroga, Duarte, Diaz, Salguero, Olachea, Cueto, Velazquez (sub. La Rosa), Cubillas, Uribe, Oñate, Barbadillo (sub. Leguia).
 Referee: W. Eschweiler (W. Germany)

Group Three

ARGENTINA (2) 4 (Bertoni 26, Maradona 28, 57, Ardiles 61)
HUNGARY (0) 1 (Poloskei 76)
 Att: 32,000 (in Alicante)
 Argentina: Fillol, Olguin, Galvan, Passarella, Maradona, Bertoni, Valdano (sub. Calderon), Kempes.
 Hungary: Meszaros, Martos (sub. Fazekas), Toth, Varga, Garaba, Nyilasi, Sallai, Rab, Kiss (sub. Szentes), Poloskei.
 Referee: Lacarne (Algeria)

Saturday, June 19

Group One

POLAND (0) 0
CAMEROON (0) 0
 Att: 15,000 (in La Coruna)
 Poland: Mlynarczyk, Majewski, Janas, Zmuda, Jolocha, Lato, Buncol, Boniek, Iwan (sub. Szarmach), Palasz (sub. Kusio), Smolarek.
 Cameroon: N'Kono, Kaham, Onana, N'Dyaya, M'Bom, Aoudou, Abega, Kunde, M'Bida, Milla, N'Gue (sub. Tokoto).
 Referee: A. Ponnet (Belgium)

Group Three

BELGIUM (1) 1 (Coeck 18)
EL SALVADOR (0) 0
 Att: 6,000
 Belgium: Pfaff, Gerets, Millicamps, Meeuws, Baeyens, Vandermissen (sub. Van der Elst), Coeck, Vercauteren, Czerniatynski, Vandenbergh, Ceulemans (sub. Van Moer).
 El Salvador: Mora, Osorio (sub. Arevalo), Jovel, Rodriguez, Reinos, Fegoroga, Ventura, Heuzo, Zapata, Gonzalez, Rivas.
 Referee: M. Moffatt (N. Ireland)

Group Six

RUSSIA (1) 3 (Gavrilov 24, Blokhin 48, Baltacha 69)
NEW ZEALAND (0) 0
 Att: 20,000 (in Malaga)
 Russia: Dassev, Sulakvelidze, Chivadze, Baltacha, Demianenko, Daraselia (sub. Rodinov), Bel, Blokhin, Shengelia.
 New Zealand: Van Hattum, Dods, Booth, Herbert, Elrick, Mackay, Cole, Sumner, Cresswell, Ruler, Wooddin.
 Referee: El Ghoul (Libya)

Sunday, June 20

Group Four

ENGLAND (0) 2 (Francis 63, Barmos, og 68)
CZECHOSLOVAKIA (0) 0
 Att: 44,182 (in Bilbao)
 England: Shilton, Mills, Sansom, Thompson, Butcher, Robson (sub. Huddle), Coppell, Wilkins, Francis, Mariner, Rix.
 Czechoslovakia: Saman (sub. Stromsik), Barmos, Fiala, Vojacek, Radimac, Jurkemik, Nehoda, Vizek, Chaloupka, Berger, Janacka (sub. Masny).
 Referee: G. Carver (Holland)

Group Two

CHILE (0) 1 (Moscoso 90)
WEST GERMANY (1) 4 (Rummenigge 9, 57, 66, Reinders 81)
 Att: 42,000 (in Gijon)
 Chile: Osben, Garrido, Valenzuela, Figueroa, Borge, Dubo, Bonavalliet, Soto (sub. Latalier), Yanez, Gamboa (sub. Neira), Moscoso.
 West Germany: Schumacher, Briegel, Breitner (sub. Mattaus), Forster, Dremmler, Littbarski (sub. Reinders), Hrubesch, Rummenigge, Magath, Stielike, Kaltz.
 Referee: Galier (Switzerland)

Group Five

SPAIN (1) 2 (Juanito, pen 12, Saura 65)
YUGOSLAVIA (1) 1 (Gudelj 10)
 Att: 48,000 (in Valencia)
 Spain: Arconada, Camacho, Tendillo, Alencas, Gordillo, Alonso, Sanchez (sub. Saura), Zamora, Juanito, Setrustegui (sub. Quini), Lopez-Ufarte.
 Yugoslavia: Pantelic, Krmpotic, Zajec, Stojkovic, Jovanovic (sub. Halilhodzic), Gudelj, Petrovic, Stijivo, Vujovic-Zlatko (sub. Sestic), Surjak, Susic.
 Referee: S. Lund (Denmark)

Monday, June 21

Group Five

NORTHERN IRELAND (1) 1 (Armstrong 10)
HONDURAS (0) 1 (Lain 61)
 Att: 6,000 (in Zaragoza)
 Northern Ireland: Jennings, Nicholl, J. Donaghy, McCreery, Nicholl, C. McClelland, O'Neill, M. Armstrong, Hamilton, Whiteside (sub. Brotherton), McIlroy.
 Honduras: Arzu, Gutierrez, Villegas, Cruz, Costly, Maradiaga, Gilberto, Zelaya, Norales (sub. Lain), Betancourt, Figueroa.
 Referee: T. Chan Tam Sun (Hong Kong)

Group Two

ALGERIA (0) 0
AUSTRIA (0) 2 (Schachner 56, Krankl 68)
 Att: 22,000 (in Oviedo)
 Algeria: Cerbah, Guendouz, Kourichi, Merzekane, Mansouri, Belloumi (sub. Bensoulai), Dhaieb (sub. Tiemcani), Fergani, Madjer, Zidane, Assad.
 Austria: Koncilia, Krauss, Obermayer, Degorgi, Pezzer, Hattenberger, Hintermaier, Baummeister (sub. Webl), Prohaska (sub. Weber), Krankl, Schachner.
 Referee: T. Boskovic (Australia)

Group Four

FRANCE (2) 4 (Genghini 31, Platini 43, Six 47, Bosais 89)
KUWAIT (0) 1 (Al-Buloushi 74)
 Att: 18,000 (in Valladolid)
 France: Ertori, Amorosa, Tresor, Janvion, Bossis, Giresse, Platini (sub. Girard), Genghini, Soler, Lacombe, Six.
 Kuwait: Al-Tarabulsi, Mubarak N. Ma'Yool, Mubarak M. Waleed-Jasem (sub. Al-Shammari), Al-Buloushi, Al-Houti, Karam (sub. Kameel), Al-Dakheel, Yacoub, Al-Anbari.
 Referee: M. Stupar (Russia)

WORLD CUP MATCH FACTS

Tuesday, June 22

Group Six

SCOTLAND (1) 2 (Jordan 15, Souness 87)
USSR (0) 2 (Chivadze 60, Shengelia 84)
 Att: 38,000 (in Malaga)
 Scotland: Rough, Narey, Hansen, Miller, Gray, Souness, Strachan (sub. McGrain), Warlt, Robertson, Archibald, Jordan (sub. Brazil).
 Russia: Dasaev, Sulakvelidze, Chivadze, Baltacha, Demianenko, Borovskiy, Shengelia (sub. Andreiev), Bessonov, Gavrilov, Bal, Blokhin.
 Referee: N. Raines (Romania)

Group One

POLAND (0) 5 (Smolarek 56, Lato 60, Boniek 62, Buncol 68, Ciolek 77)
PERU (0) 1 (La Rosa 82)
 Att: 20,000 (in La Coruna)
 Poland: Mlynarczyk, Majewski, Janas, Zmuda, Jelocha (sub. Dziuba), Buncol, Mazysik, Kupciewicz, Lato, Boniek, Smolarek (sub. Ciolek).
 Peru: Quiroga, Duarte, Diaz, Salguero, Alechea, Cubillas, Velasquez, Cuesta, Leguia, La Rosa, Oblitas (sub. Uribe).
 Referee: M. Rubio (Mexico)

Group Three

BELGIUM (0) 1 (Czarniastyński 75)
HUNGARY (1) 1 (Varga 27)
 Att: 30,000 (in Eiche)
 Belgium: Pfaff, Goretz (sub. Plessers), Milletcamp, Meeuws, Baetcke, Coeck, Vercauteren, Vandermissen (sub. Van Moer), Czarniastyński, Vandenberg, Ceulemans.
 Hungary: Meszaros, Martos, Kerekas, Garaba, Varga, Nyilasi, Mueller (sub. Sallai), Fazekas, Torocsik, Kiss, Poloskai.
 Referee: C. White (England)

Wednesday, June 23

Group One

ITALY (0) 1 (Graziani 80)
CAMEROON (0) 1 (M'Bida 61)
 Att: 37,000 (in Vigo)
 Italy: Zoff, Gentile, Collovati, Scirea, Cabrini, Orsini, Tardelli, Antognoni, Conti, Rossi, Graziani.
 Cameroon: N'Kono, Kaham, N'Dyaya, Onene, M'Bom, Aoudou, Kunde, M'Bida, Abega, Milla, Tokoto.
 Referee: D. Matovinovic (Yugoslavia)

Group Six

BRAZIL (2) 4 (Zico 29, 31, Falcao 54, Serginho 69)
NEW ZEALAND (0) 0
 Att: 47,379 (in Seville)
 Brazil: Valdir Peres, Leandro, Oscar (sub. Edinho), Luizinho, Junior, Cerezo, Socrates, Zico, Falcao, Serginho (sub. Idiora), Eder, New Zealand: Van Hattem, Dods, Herbert, Elrick, Booth, Sumner, Mackay, Cresswell (sub. Cole), Almond, Ruler (sub. Turner B), Wooddin.
 Referee: D. Matovinovic (Yugoslavia)

Group Three

ARGENTINA (1) 2 (Passarella, pen 22, Batoni 53)
EL SALVADOR (0) 0
 Att: 32,093 (in Alicante)
 Argentina: Filoli, Olguin, Galvan, Passarella, Tarantini, Ardiles, Gallego, Kempes, Batoni (sub. Diaz R), Maradona, Calderon (sub. Santamaría).
 El Salvador: Mora, Osorio (sub. Diaz), Jovel, Rodriguez, Recinos, Rugamas, Ventura (sub. Alfaro), Hueso, Ramirez, Gonzalez, Rivas.
 Referee: L. Barranco (Bolivia)

Thursday, June 24

Group Two

ALGERIA (3) 3 (Assad 8, 31, Bensacouls 35)
CHILE (0) 2 (Neira, pen 61, Letelier 74)
 Att: 18,500 (in Oviedo)
 Algeria: Cerbah, Kourichi, Mezekane, Guandouz, Larbes, Mansouri (sub. Dahleb), Fergani, Assad, Bensacouls, Bourebou (sub. Yahi), Medjer.
 Chile: Osborn, Galindo, Valenzuela, Figueroa, Bigorra, Bonvallet (sub. Soto), Dubo, Neira, Yanez, Caszely (sub. Letelier), Moscoso.
 Referee: R. Mendez Molina (Guatemala)

Group Four

FRANCE (0) 1 (Six 65)
CZECHOSLOVAKIA (0) 1 (Panenka, pen 85)
 Att: 25,000 (in Valladolid)
 France: Ertori, Amoros, Tresor, Janvion, Bossis, Giresse, Platini, Genghini, Soler (sub. Girard), Lacombe (sub. Couriol), Six.
 Czechoslovakia: Stromsik, Barrios, Fiala, Stambacher, Vojacek, Jurkemik, Kriz (sub. Masny), Bicevsky, Vizek, Jancek (sub. Panenka), Moudra.
 Referee: P. Cesarini (Italy)
 Sending Off: Vizek (Czechoslovakia)

Group Five

HONDURAS (0) 0
YUGOSLAVIA (0) 1 (Petrovic, pen 87)
 Att: 12,000 (in Zaragoza)
 Honduras: Arzu, Droumond, Villegas, Costly, Sulnez, Zelaya, Gilberto, Maradiaga, Murillo (sub. Leing), Betancourt, Figueroa.
 Yugoslavia: Pantalic, Krmpotic, Stojkovic, Zajec, Jovanovic (sub. Halilhodzic), Sijivo, Gudellj, Surjak, Vujovic (sub. Sestic), Susic, Petrovic.
 Referee: G. Castro (Chile)
 Sending Off: Gilberto (Honduras)

Friday, June 25

Group Six

SPAIN (0) 0
NORTHERN IRELAND (0) 1 (Armstrong 47)
 Att: 50,000 (in Valencia)
 Spain: Arconada, Camacho, Tendillo, Alesanco, Gordillo, Sanchez, Alonso, Saura, Juanito, Satriestegui (sub. Quini), Ufarte (sub. Gallego).
 Northern Ireland: Jennings, Nicholl J, Nicholl C, McClelland, Donaghy, O'Neill M, McIlroy (sub. Cassidy), McCreery, Hamilton, Armstrong, Whiteside (sub. Nelson).
 Referee: H. Ortiz (Paraguay)
 Sending Off: Donaghy (N. Ireland)

Group Four

ENGLAND (1) 1 (Francis 27)
KUWAIT (0) 0
 Att: 39,700 (in Bilbao)
 England: Shilton, Neal, Foster, Thompson, Mills, Coppell, Wilkins, Hoddle, Rix, Mariner, Francis.
 Kuwait: Al-Tarabulsi, Mubarak N, Mubarak M, Al-Mubarak (sub. Al-Shemari), Ma'Yoo, Al-Houti, Al-Buloushi, A-Suwayed, Kameel, Al-Dakhil, Al-Anbari.
 Referee: G. Ariasizabal (Colombia)

Group Two

WEST GERMANY (1) 1 (Hrubesch 11)
AUSTRIA (0) 0
 Att: 41,000 (in Gijon)
 West Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Stielike, Forster, Briegel, Dremmler, Breitner, Megath, Littbarski, Hrubesch (sub. Fischer), Rummenigga (sub. Matthäus).
 Austria: Koncilia, Krauss, Pezsey, Obermayer, Degeorgi, Hattenberger, Prohaska, Hintermaier, Weber, Schachner, Krankl.
 Referee: B. Valentine (Scotland)

TABLES

Group 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Poland	3	1	2	0	5	1	4
Italy	3	0	3	0	2	2	3
Cameroon	3	0	3	0	1	1	3
Peru	3	0	2	1	2	6	2

Group 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
W. Germany	3	2	0	1	6	3	4
Austria	3	2	0	1	3	1	4
Algeria	3	2	0	1	5	5	4
Chile	3	0	0	3	3	8	0

Group 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	3	2	1	0	3	1	5
Argentina	3	2	0	1	6	2	4
Hungary	3	1	1	1	12	6	3
El Salvador	3	0	0	3	1	13	0

Group 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	3	3	0	0	6	1	6
France	3	1	1	1	6	5	3
Czechoslovakia	3	0	2	1	2	4	2
Kuwait	3	0	1	2	2	6	1

Group 5

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
N. Ireland	3	1	2	0	3	1	4
Spain	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Yugoslavia	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Honduras	3	0	2	1	2	3	2

Group 6

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	3	3	0	0	10	2	6
USSR	3	1	1	1	6	4	3
Scotland	3	1	1	1	8	8	3
N. Zealand	3	0	0	3	2	12	0

SECOND PHASE

Monday, June 28

Group A

BELGIUM (0) 0
POLAND (2) 3 (Boniek 4, 26, 53)
 Att: 20,000 (in Barcelona)
 Belgium: Munaron, Renquin, Milletcamp, Meeuws, De Schrijver (sub. Milletcamp M), Verheyen, Coeck, Vercauteren, Czarniastyński, Vandenberg, Ceulemans.
 Poland: Mlynarczyk, Dziuba, Zmuda, Janas, Majewski, Kupciewicz (sub. Ciolek), Buncol, Mazysik, Lato, Boniek, Smolarek.
 Referee: L. Siles Calderon (Costa Rica)

Group D

FRANCE (1) 1 (Genghini 40)
AUSTRIA (0) 0
 Att: 37,000 (in Madrid)
 France: Ertori, Battistoni, Janvion, Tresor, Bossis, Giresse, Genghini (sub. Girard), Tigana, Soler, Lacombe (sub. Rocheteau), Six.
 Austria: Koncilia, Krauss, Obermayer, Pezsey, Degeorgi (sub. Baumeister), Hattenberger, Hintermaier, Jara (sub. Weitzl), Schachner, Prohaska, Krankl.
 Referee: K. Palotai (Hungary)

Tuesday, June 29

Group B

ENGLAND (0) 0
WEST GERMANY (0) 0
 Att: 75,000 (in Madrid)
 England: Shilton, Mills, Thompson, Butcher, Sansom, Coppell, Wilkins, Francis (sub. Woodcock), Mariner, Robson, Rix.

West Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Forster, K-H, Stielike, Forster B, Muller (sub. Fischer), Breitner, Dremmler, Briegel, Rummenigga, Reinders (sub. Littbarski).
 Referee: A. Coelho (Brazil)

Group C

ITALY (0) 2 (Tardelli 55, Cabrini 67)
ARGENTINA (0) 1 (Passarella 83)
 Att: 39,150 (in Barcelona)
 Italy: Zoff, Gentile, Collovati, Scirea, Cabrini, Orsini (sub. Marini), Tardelli, Antognoni, Conti, Rossi (sub. Altobelli), Graziani.
 Argentina: Filoli, Olguin, Passarella, Galvan, Tarantini, Ardiles, Gallego, Maradona, Batoni, Diaz (sub. Calderon), Kempes (sub. Valencia).
 Referee: N. Raines (Romania)
 Sending Off: Gallego (Argentina)

Thursday, July 1

Group D

NORTHERN IRELAND (1) 2 (Hamilton 28, 74)
AUSTRIA (0) 2 (Pezzey 50, Hintermaier 58)
 Att: 24,000 (in Madrid)
 Northern Ireland: Jennings, Nicholl J, Nicholl C, McClelland, Hamilton, McCreery, O'Neill M, McIlroy, Armstrong, Hamilton, Whiteside (sub. Brotherston).
 Austria: Koncilia, Krauss, Obermayer, Pezsey, Schachner, Prohaska, Pichler, Hagmayr (sub. Weitzl), Baumeister, Pregesbauer (sub. Hintermaier), Jurtin.
 Referee: A. Prokop (E. Germany)

Group A

BELGIUM (0) 0
RUSSIA (0) 1 (Oganessian 48)
 Att: 25,000 (in Barcelona)
 Belgium: Munaron, Renquin, Milletcamp L, Meeuws, De Schrijver (sub. Milletcamp M), Verheyen, Coeck, Vercauteren, Vandermissen, Vandenberg, Ceulemans.
 Russia: Dasaev, Borovskiy, Chivadze, Baltacha, Demianenko, Bal (sub. Daraselia), Oganessian, Bessonov, Shengelia (sub. Rodionov), Gavrilov, Blokhin.
 Referee: M. Vautrot (France)

Friday, July 2

Group B

SPAIN (0) 1 (Zamora 82)
WEST GERMANY (0) 2 (Littbarski 49, Fischer 75)
 Att: 90,000 (in Madrid)
 Spain: Arconada, Camacho, Gordillo, Alonso, Tendillo, Alesanco, Juanito (sub. Ufarte), Zamora, Urquiza, Santillana, Quini (sub. Sanchez).
 West Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Forster, K-H, Stielike, Forster B, Breitner, Briegel, Dremmler, Littbarski, Fischer, Rummenigga (sub. Reinders).
 Referee: P. Cesarini (Italy)

Group C

BRAZIL (1) 3 (Zico 12, Serginho 67, Junior 74)
ARGENTINA (0) 1 (Diaz 89)
 Att: 49,000 (in Barcelona)
 Brazil: Valdir Peres, Leandro (sub. Edvaldo), Oscar, Luizinho, Junior, Cerezo, Falcao, Socrates, Serginho, Zico (sub. Batista), Eder.
 Argentina: Filoli, Olguin, Barbas, Passarella, Tarantini, Ardiles, Galvan, Maradona, Batoni (sub. Santamaría), Calderon, Kempes (sub. Diaz).
 Referee: M. Rubio (Mexico)
 Sending Off: Maradona (Argentina)

Sunday, July 4

Group D

NORTHERN IRELAND (0) 1 (Armstrong 76)
FRANCE (1) 4 (Giresse 34, 80, Rocheteau 47, 68)
 Att: 30,000 (in Madrid)
 Northern Ireland: Jennings, Nicholl J, Donaghy, Nicholl C, McClelland, McCreery (sub. O'Neill J), McIlroy, O'Neill M, Hamilton.

WORLD CUP MATCH

Armstrong, Whiteside.
France: Ettori, Amoros, Tresor, Janvion.
Rossi, Tigana, Giresse, Platini, Genghini.
Soler (sub: Six), Rocheteau (sub: Couriol).
Referee: A. Jarguz (Poland)

Final Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
France	2	2	0	0	5	1	4
Austria	2	0	1	1	2	3	1
N. Ireland	2	0	1	1	3	6	1

Group A

POLAND (0) 0
RUSSIA (0) 0
Att: 25,000 (in Barcelona)
Poland: Mlynarczyk, Majewski, Janas, Smuda, Dziuba, Buncol, Matysik, Kupczewicz (sub: Ciolek), Lato, Boniek, Smolarek, Rusala: Daszewski, Sulakwicz, Chivadze, Belach, Demianenko, Gavrilov (sub: Deraselia), Shengelia (sub: Andreev), Bessonov, Biokhin, Borovskiy, Oganesian.
Referee: B. Valentine (Scotland)

Final Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Poland	2	1	1	0	3	0	3
Russia	2	1	1	0	1	0	3
Belgium	2	0	0	2	0	4	0

MONDAY, JULY 5

Group C

ITALY (2) 3 (Rossi 4, 26, 75)
BRAZIL (1) 2 (Socrates 13, Falcao 70)
Att: 45,000 (in Barcelona)
Italy: Zoff, Gentile, Scirea, Collovati (Bergomi sub), Cabrini, Orioli, Antognoni, Conti, Tardelli (Marini sub), Rossi, Graziani.
Brazil: W. Perez, Leandro, Oscar, Luizinho, Junior, Cerezo, Zico, Socrates, Falcao, Serginho (Paulo Aldro sub), Eder.
Referee: A. Klein (Israel)

Final Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	2	2	0	0	5	3	4
Brazil	2	1	0	1	5	4	2
Argentina	2	0	0	2	2	5	0

Group B

SPAIN (0) 0
ENGLAND (0) 0
Att: 80,000 (in Madrid)
Spain: Arconada, Urquiza, Alesanco, Tendillo (Maceda sub), Gordillo, Saura (Uralde sub), M. Alonso, Camacho, Zamora, Santillana, Satriestegui.
England: Shilton, Mills, Thompson, Butcher, Sansom, Francis, Robson, Wilkins, Rix (Brooking sub), Mariner, Woodcock (Keegan sub).
Referee: Pounet (Belgium)

Final Placings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Germany	2	1	1	0	2	1	3
England	2	0	2	0	0	0	1
Spain	2	0	1	1	1	2	1

SEMIFINALS

June 8

ITALY (1) 2 (Rossi 23, 73)

POLAND (0) 0
Att: 40,000 in Barcelona.
Italy: Zoff, Bergomi, Scirea, Collovati, Cabrini, Conti, Orioli, Antognoni (Marini sub), Tardelli, Rossi, Graziani (Altobelli sub).
Poland: Mlynarczyk, Dziuba, Zmuda, Janas, Majewski, Buncol, Kupczewicz, Matysik, Ciolek (Palasz), Lato, Smolarek (Kusto).
Referee: Cardellino (Uruguay)

GERMANY (1, 1, 2) 3 (Littbarski 18, Rummenigge 107, Fischer 114)
FRANCE (1, 1, 3) 3 (Platini 27, p., Tresor 97, Giresse 103)
103).
Germany won 5-4 on penalties.

Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Stielike, K. Forster, B. Forster, Dremmler, Breitner, Briegel (Rummenigge sub), Magath (Hrubesch sub), Littbarski, Fischer.
France: Ettori, Bossis, Tresor, Janvion, Amoros, Giresse, Genghini (Batistoni sub, Lopez sub), Tigana, Six, Rocheteau, Platini.
Referee: Conner (Holland)
Att: 60,000 (in Seville)

FOR 3rd PLACE

July 10

POLAND (2) 3 (Szarmach 41, Majewski 45, Kupczewicz 46)

FRANCE (1) 2 (Girard 13, Couriol 73)
Att: 30,000 (in Alicante)
Poland: Mlynarczyk, Dziuba, Zmuda, Janas, Majewski, Kupczewicz, Lato, Buncol, Matysik (Wojcicki sub), Boniek, Szarmach.
France: Castaneda, Amoros, Tresor, Mahut, Janvion (Lopez), Couriol, Girard, Tigana (Six), Larios, Soler, Bellone.
Referee: Garrido (Portugal)

FINAL

JULY 11

ITALY (0) 3 (Rossi 57, Tardelli 69, Altobelli 81)

GERMANY (0) 1
Att: 90,000 (in Madrid)
Italy: Zoff, Gentile, Scirea, Collovati, Cabrini, Conti, Orioli, Bergomi, Tardelli, Graziani (Altobelli sub, Causio sub), Rossi.
Germany: Schumacher, Kaltz, Stielike, K. Forster, B. Forster, Dremmler (Hrubesch sub), Breitner, Rummenigge (H. Muller sub), Briegel, Fischer, Littbarski.
Referee: Coelho (Brazil)

No real new trends on view

The birth of 'Spenglish?'

For comic relief, journalists at the World Cup often read the press bulletins or transcripts of post-match interviews, wondering what illiterates had been engaged by the Spaniards for the translations?

Some samples:

"Game activity: The teams must be in the wardrobe one hour before the start of the match..."

"...Poland and the Soviet Union bend themselves playing a rudimentary football, cold, calculated and excessively horizontal..."

"...a shot of Boniek on penalty area which Dassayev answered with an extraordinary interceding..."

"...the players say that while the referee formed the barrier, Pasarella shot and the referee accepted this shot..."

"...Italy has been playing to no play and the mistake of the Argentinians was that they followed them with the no plaing. Italy is an unbalanced team and had a good luck..."

And so did the translator if she got paid for this work...

Did the 1982 World Cup produce any new trends in soccer? I doubt it.

Some experts claimed that Belgium and, to a lesser degree Germany, applied some new 'pressing' tactics which will be all the rage in the 1980s.

Well, Holland did it very much better and more elegantly in 1974 and Liverpool is also doing it extremely well week after week.

The essence of this 'pressing' is to hunt for the ball all over the field, non-stop. The opponent with the ball is attacked, even in his own half, by two, at times three players, forcing him to turn back and play the ball off towards his own goal.

Then, according to the theory, the ball eventually reaches a fullback who is forced to kick it upfield, some 30 or 40 metres. Whereupon the 'pressing' team rushes forward, leaving the attackers in an offside position.

Well, we did see samples of this—and it looked crude and boring. The Belgians did it mindlessly, like robots, creating some bizarre and even comical situations.

In their match with the USSR a few times all Belgians rushed forward together—and met, near the centre circle, all the Soviets, also dashing forward, waiting for the long clearance. The two armies met in the middle and it was like a traffic jam at Barcelona's famous Ramblas with nobody knowing where the ball was.

The Brazilians and Italians played their own game without any innovation. England and Scotland played as they always do, bravely, honestly and rather boringly. Again: no new tactical concepts there.

If the World Cup did have a message at all it was simply that no team can succeed without a very powerful and mobile mid-field where good tackling and very rapid and precise counter-attacking breaks must be started.

I think that Brazil, despite their fatal defensive lapses against Italy, would have won the World Cup if their key midfielders, Falcao and Cerezo, had been less sluggish and Zico more willing to share the workload. That's where Brazil lost the Cup, not through the inept goalkeeping of Waldir Perez or the bad backpass by Luizinho.

Some teams used close man-to-man marking while others—notably Brazil, Honduras, Cameroon, Peru and even Argentina—preferred a 'mixed' sort of a defence with one key striker closely marked and the other defenders guarding zones.

But on the whole, no revolutionary changes in soccer were introduced and none is likely to emerge in the next few years.

Business as usual.

World Cup 1982

THE DUNLOP QUIZ

Each month *Soccer World* will publish a set of questions testing your soccer knowledge. The first correct entry opened will win, each month, a DUNLOP SPORTS KIT consisting of—

- A travel bag;
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- A pair of Dunlop training shoes.

If there is no correct entry, the one closest to the target will win the prize. This will be posted to the winner directly by Dunlop Footwear.

The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence or discussion will be entered into. Only those entries will be eligible which are sent on *Soccer World* coupons.

1. Can Italy keep the World Cup trophy they have just won in Madrid? Yes or no?.....
2. Who was the captain of the Italians in the World Cup finals?.....
3. One of the three British team managers announced his resignation even before the World Cup finals—who was he?.....
4. Who scored the quickest goal in the World Cup in Spain?.....
5. One French player was carried off unconscious in the match against Germany—who?.....
6. Poland's Boniek has signed for a foreign club—which one?.....
7. It was the first time penalties were used to decide a World Cup match when Germany beat France—is this true or false?.....
8. Spain fielded a player who two years ago had been kidnapped by terrorists—who?.....
9. Nth. Ireland had two players by the name of Nicholl—their first names?.....
10. Who was Scotland's captain in the World Cup finals?.....
11. The German Foerster brothers, Bernd and Karl-Heinz, are twins—yes or no?.....
12. How many goalies did the Belgians use in their five matches?.....
13. One of the referees in Spain was in charge of the 1981 Youth World Cup final in Sydney, who?.....
14. Italy won the Cup without one of their best players who was out injured—his name?.....
15. When did Brazil finish out of a place the last time in a World Cup?.....
16. How many players could a team replace in a World Cup match?.....
17. One of the players in the final actually played in his own club's stadium—who?.....
18. One of the 24 teams numbered all their players in an alphabetical order—which one?.....
19. What time (Madrid time) did the final start?.....
20. How many colored players did England have in its squad?.....

Winner of the June Quiz: Robert Abonyi, 14 Dunlea Rd., Engadine, NSW.

Winner of the July Quiz: John Agius, 20 Fowler Rd., Merrylands, 2160, NSW.

Their prizes will be forwarded by Dunlop Footwear.

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*Soccer Terms
explained:
No. 12*

Throw-in.

When the ball crosses the side touch-line, it is "thrown" back into play by a player from the team opposing that of the player who last touched it. The thrower must face the field of play with both feet on or outside the touch-line, and "throw-in" the ball with both hands from behind and over his head.

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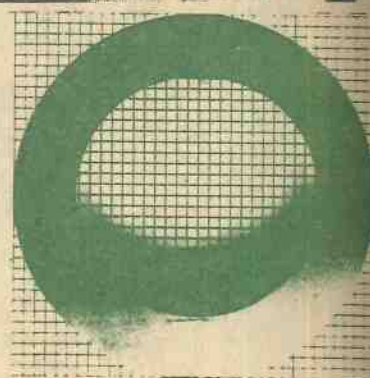


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